THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ISAAC WATTS, D.D.

IN SEVEN VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Say, human Seraph! whence that charming force,
That flame, that foul, which animates each line,
And how it runs with fuch a graceful eafe,
Loaded with pond'rous fenfe?——We are here told,
When life its narrow round of years hath roll'd,
What this employs the blefs'd, what makes their blifs;
Songs fuch as WATTS's are, and love like his. GROVE.

Sov'reign of Sacred Verfe! accept the lays
Of a young bard that dares attempt thy praife.——
No vulgar themes thy pious Mufe engage,
No fcenes of luft pollute thy facred page:
You in majeftick numbers mount the fkies,
And meet defcending angels as you rife,
Whofe juft applaufes charm the crowded groves,
And Addifon thy tuneful fong approves.
Soft harmony and manly vigour join
To form the beauties of each fprightly line,
For ev'ry grace of ev'ry Mufe is thine. BRITANNICUS.

VOL. V.

EDINBURGH:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1782.

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VOL. V.

CONTAINING HIS

HORÆ LYRICÆ.

IN THREE BOOKS.

Poems chiefly of the Lyrick kind, facred

I. *TO DEVOTION AND PIETY.*
II. *TO VIRTUE, HONOUR, AND FRIENDSHIP.*
III. *TO THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.*

Ἀθάνατον μὲν πρῶτα Θεὸν, νόμῳ ὡς διάκειται,
Τίμα, (ϗ σέβυ αὐτὸν) ἔπειθ' Ἥρωας ἀγαυὺς,
Τ[illegible]ς τε Κα[illegible]χθονίυς. *Pythag. Aur. Car.*

——*Si non Uranie Lyram*
Cælestum cobibet, nec Polyhymnia
[illegible]um refugit tendere Barbiton. Hor. Od. I. imitat.

Hail, heav'n-born Mufe! that with celeftial flame
And high feraphick numbers durft attempt
To gain thy native fkies.——With thought fublime
And high fonorous words thou fweetly fing'ft
To thy immortal lyre. Amaz'd we view
The tow'ring height ftupendous, while thou foar'ft
Above the reach of vulgar eyes or thought,
Hymning th' Eternal Father. STANDEN.

Seraphick heights I feem to gain
And facred tranfports feel
While WATTS! to thy celeftial ftrain
Surpris'd I liften ftill.

The gliding ftreams their courfe forbear
When I thy lays repeat,
The bending foreft lends an ear,
The birds their notes forget. PHILOMELA.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Prefs, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1782.

PREFACE.

It has been a long complaint of the virtuous and refined world that poesy, whose original is divine, should be enslaved to vice and profaneness, that an art inspired from heaven should have so far lost the memory of its birthplace as to be engaged in the interests of hell. How unhappily is it perverted from its most glorious design! how basely has it been driven away from its proper station in the temple of God, and abused to much dishonour! the iniquity of men has constrained it to serve their vilest purposes, while the sons of Piety mourn the sacrilege and the shame.

The eldest song which history has brought down to our ears was a noble act of worship paid to the God of Israel when his "right hand became glorious in "power, when thy right hand, O Lord, dashed in "pieces the enemy: the chariots of Pharaoh and his "hosts were cast into the Red Sea; thou didst blow "with thy wind, the deep covered them, and they "sank as lead in the mighty waters," *Exod.* xv. This art was maintained sacred thro' the following ages of the church, and employed by kings and prophets, by David, Solomon, and Isaiah, in describing the nature and the glories of God, and in conveying grace or vengeance to the hearts of men. By this method they brought so much of heaven down to this lower world

as the darkness of that dispensation would admit; and now and then a divine and poetick rapture lifted their souls far above the level of that œconomy of shadows, bore them away far into a brighter region, and gave them a glimpse of evangelick day. The life of angels was harmoniously breathed into the children of Adam, and their minds raised near to heaven in melody and devotion at once.

In the younger days of Heathenism the Muses were devoted to the same service: the language in which old Hesiod addresses them is this;

> Μοῦσαι Πιερίηθεν ἀοιδῇσι κλείουσαι,
> Δεῦτε, Δί' ἐννέπετε σφέτερον πατέρ' ὑμνείουσαι.
>
> Pierian Muses, fam'd for heav'nly lays,
> Descend, and sing the God your father's praise.

And he pursues the subject in ten pious lines, which I could bear to transcribe if the aspect and sound of so much Greek were not terrifying to a nice reader.

But some of the later poets of the Pagan world have debased this divine gift; and many of the writers of the first rank in this our age of national Christians have, to their eternal shame, surpassed the vilest of the Gentiles. They have not only disrobed religion of all the ornaments of verse, but have employed their pens in impious mischief to deform her native beauty and defile her honours: they have exposed her most sacred character to drollery, and dressed her up in a most vile and ridiculous disguise for the scorn of the

ruder herd of mankind. The Vices have been painted like ſo many goddeſſes, the charms of wit have been added to debauchery, and the temptation heightened where Nature needs the ſtrongeſt reſtraints. With ſweetneſs of ſound and delicacies of expreſſion they have given a reliſh to blaſphemies of the harſheſt kind; and when they rant at their Maker in ſonorous numbers they fancy themſelves to have acted the hero well.

Thus almoſt in vain have the Throne and the Pulpit cried "Reformation," while the ſtage and licentious poems have waged open war with the pious deſign of church and ſtate. The preſs has ſpread the poiſon far and ſcattered wide the mortal infection; unthinking youth have been enticed to ſin beyond the vicious propenſities of Nature, plunged early into diſeaſes and death, and ſunk down to damnation in multitudes! Was it for this that Poeſy was endued with all thoſe allurements that lead the mind away in a pleaſing captivity? was is for this ſhe was furniſhed with ſo many intellectual charms that ſhe might ſeduce the heart from God, the original beauty, and the moſt lovely of beings? Can I ever be perſuaded that thoſe ſweet and reſiſtleſs forces of metaphor, wit, ſound, and number, were given with this deſign, that they ſhould be all ranged under the banner of the great malicious ſpirit to invade the rights of Heaven, and to bring ſwift and everlaſting deſtruction upon men? How will theſe

allies of the nether world, the lewd and profane verſifiers, ſtand aghaſt before the great Judge, when the blood of many ſouls whom they never ſaw ſhall be laid to the charge of their writings, and be dreadfully required at their hands? The reverend Mr. Collier has ſet this awful ſcene before them in juſt and flaming colours. If the application were not too rude and uncivil that noble ſtanza of my Lord Roſcommon on *Pſal.* cxlviii. might be addreſſed to them;

> Ye dragons! whoſe contagious breath
> Peoples the dark retreats of Death,
> Change your dire hiſſings into heav'nly ſongs,
> And praiſe your Maker with your forked tongues.

This profanation and debaſement of ſo divine an art has tempted ſome weaker Chriſtians to imagine that poetry and vice are nearely akin, or at leaſt that verſe is fit only to recommend trifles and entertain our looſer hours, but it is too light and trivial a method to treat any thing that is ſerious and ſacred. They ſubmit indeed to uſe it in divine pſalmody, but they love the drieſt tranſlation of the pſalm beſt. They will venture to ſing a dull hymn or two at church in tunes of equal dulneſs; but ſtill they perſuade themſelves and their children that the beauties of poeſy are vain and dangerous. All that ariſes a degree above Mr. Sternhold is too airy for worſhip, and hardly eſcapes the ſentence of *unclean* and *abominable.* It is ſtrange that perſons that have the Bible in their hands ſhould be led away by thoughtleſs prejudices to ſo wild

and rash an opinion; let me entreat them not to indulge this sour this censorious humour too far, lest the sacred writers fall under the lash of their unlimited and unguarded reproaches: let me entreat them to look into their Bibles, and remember the style and way of writing that is used by the ancient prophets. Have they forgot or were they never told that many parts of the Old Testament are Hebrew verse? and the figures are stronger, and the metaphors border, and the images more surprising and strange, than ever I read in any profane writer. When Deborah sings her praises to the God of Israel while he marched from the field of Edom, she sets the "earth a-trembling, the heavens drop, and the mountains dissolve, "from before the Lord. They fought from heaven, "the stars in their courses fought against Sisera: when "the river of Kishon swept them away, that ancient "river, the river Kishon. O my soul, thou hast trodden down strength," *Judg.* v. 4. &c. When Eliphaz in the book of Job speaks his sense of the holiness of God he introduces a machine in a vision; "Fear came "upon me, trembling on all my bones, the hair of "my flesh stood up; a spirit passed by, and stood still, "but its form was undiscernible; an image before "mine eyes, and silence; then I heard a voice saying, Shall mortal man be more just than God?" &c. *Job* iv. When he describes the safety of the righteous he "hides him from the scourge of the tongue,

"he makes him laugh at deſtruction and famine, he "brings the ſtones of the field into league with him, "and makes the brute animals enter into a covenant "of peace," *Job* v. 21. *&c.* When Job ſpeaks of the grave how melancholy is the gloom that he ſpreads over it! "It is a region to which I muſt ſhortly go, "and whence I ſhall not return; it is a land of dark-"neſs, it is darkneſs itſelf, the land of the ſhadow of "death; all confuſion and diſorder, and where the "light is as darkneſs. This is my houſe, there have "I made my bed: I have ſaid to Corruption, Thou "art my father, and to the Worm, Thou art my mo-"ther and my ſiſter: as for my hope who ſhall ſee "it? I and my hope go down together to the bars of "the pit," *Job* x. 21. and xvii. 13. When he hum-bles himſelf in complainings before the almightineſs of God what contemptible and feeble images doth he uſe! "Wilt thou break a leaf driven to and fro? wilt "thou purſue the dry ſtubble? I conſume away like "a rotten thing, a garment eaten by the moth," *Job* xiii. 25. *&c.* "Thou liftest me up to the wind, thou "cauſeſt me to ride upon it, and diſſolveſt my ſub-"ſtance," *Job* xxx. 22. Can any man invent more deſpicable ideas to repreſent the ſcoundrel herd and refuſe of mankind than thoſe which Job uſes? chap. xxx. and thereby he aggravates his own ſorrows and reproaches to amazement: "They that are younger "than I have me in deriſion, whoſe fathers I would

"have disdained to have set with the dogs of my flock; "for want and famine they were solitary; fleeing into the wilderness desolate and waste; they cut up "mallows by the bushes, and juniper-roots for their "meat: they were driven forth from among men; "(they cried after them as after a thief) to dwell in "the cliffs of the vallies, in caves of the earth, and in "rocks; among the bushes they brayed, under the "nettles they were gathered together; they were "children of fools, yea, children of base men; they "were viler than the earth; and now am I their song, "yea, I am their byword," &c. How mournful and dejected is the language of his own sorrows! "Terrours are turned upon him, they pursue his soul as "the wind, and his welfare passes away as a cloud; "his bones are pierced within him, and his soul is "poured out; he goes mourning without the sun, a "brother to dragons, and a companion to owls; while "his harp and organ are turned into the voice of them "that weep." I must transcribe one half of this holy book if I would show the grandeur, the variety, and the justness, of his ideas, or the pomp and beauty of his expression; I must copy out a good part of the writings of David and Isaiah if I would represent the poetical excellencies of their thoughts and style; nor is the language of the lesser prophets, especially in some paragraphs, much inferiour to these.

Now while they paint human nature in its various

forms and circumstances, if their designing be so just and noble, their disposition so artful, and their colouring so bright, beyond the most famed human writers, how much more must their descriptions of God and heaven exceed all that is possible to be said by a meaner tongue! When they speak of the dwelling-place of God, "he inhabits eternity, and sits upon the throne "of his holiness, in the midst of light inaccessible:" When his holiness is mentioned, "the heavens are "not clean in his sight, he charges his angels with "folly; he looks to the moon and it shineth not, and "the stars are not pure before his eyes; he is a jealous "God and a consuming fire." If we speak of strength, "behold he is strong; he removes the mountains, and "they know it not, he overturns them in his anger; "he shakes the earth from her place and her pillars "tremble; he makes a path through the mighty wa- "ters; he discovers the foundations of the world; the "pillars of heaven are astonished at his reproof." And after all these are but a portion of his ways; "The "thunder of his power who can understand?" His sovereignty, his knowledge, and his wisdom, are revealed to us in language vastly superiour to all the poetical accounts of Heathen divinity. "Let the pot- "sherds strive with the potsherds of the earth; but "shall the clay say to him that fashioneth it What "makest thou? He bids the heavens drop down from "above, and let the skies pour down righteousness.

2

"He commands the sun and it riseth not, and he "sealeth up the stars. It is he that saith to the deep "Be dry, and he drieth up the rivers. Wo to them "that seek deep to hide their counsel from the Lord; "his eyes are upon all their ways; he understands "their thoughts afar off; hell is naked before him, "and destruction hath no covering; he calls out all "the stars by their names; he frustrateth the tokens "of the liars, and makes the diviners mad; he turns "wise men backward, and their knowledge becomes "foolish." His transcendent eminence above all things is most nobly represented when he "sits upon the "circle of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are "as grasshoppers; all nations before him are as the "drop of a bucket, and as the small dust of the ba-"lance; he takes up the isles as a very little thing; "Lebanon, with all her beasts, is not sufficient for a "sacrifice to this God, nor are all her trees sufficient "for the burning. This God, before whom the whole "creation is as nothing, yea, less than nothing, and "vanity. To which of all the Heathen gods then will "ye compare me, saith the Lord, and what shall I be "likened to?" And to which of all the Heathen poets shall we liken or compare this glorious orator, the sacred describer of the Godhead? The orators of all nations are as nothing before him, and their words are vanity and emptiness. Let us turn our eyes now to some of the holy writings, where God is treating the

world: how meanly do the best of the Gentiles talk and trifle upon this subject when brought into comparison with Moses, whom Longinus himself, a Gentile critick, cites as a master of the sublime style when he chose to use it! "And the Lord said, Let there be "light, and there was light; let there be clouds and "seas, sun and stars, plants and animals, and behold "they are." He commanded, and they appear and obey. "By the word of the Lord were the heavens made, "and all the host of them by the breath of his mouth." This is working like a God, with infinite ease and omnipotence. His wonders of providence for the terrour and ruin of his adversaries, and for the succour of his saints, is set before our eyes in the Scripture with equal magnificence, and as becomes Divinity. "When "he arises out of his place the earth trembles, the "foundations of the hills are shaken because he is "wroth; there goes a smoke up out of his nostrils, and "fire out of his mouth devoureth, coals are kindled by "it. He bows the heavens and comes down, and dark-"ness is under his feet. The mountains melt like wax, "and flow down at his presence." If Virgil, Homer, or Pindar, were to prepare an equipage for a descending god they might use thunder and lightnings too, and clouds and fire, to form a chariot and horses for the battle or the triumph; but there is none of them provides him a flight of cherubs instead of horses, or seats him in *chariots of salvation*. David beholds him

riding "upon the heaven of heavens by his name "Jah; he was mounted upon a cherub, and did fly; "he flew on wings of the wind:" and Habakkuk "fends the peſtilence before him.", Homer keeps a mighty ſtir with his Νεφεληγερέτα Ζεὺς, and Heſiod with his Ζεὺς ὑψιβρεμέτης. Jupiter that raiſes up the clouds, and that makes a noiſe or thunders on high. But a divine poet makes the "clouds but the duſt of "his feet; and when the Higheſt gives his voice into "the heavens hailſtones and coals of fire follow." A divine poet "diſcovers the channels of the waters, "and lays open the foundations of nature; at thy re-"buke, O Lord, at the blaſt of the breath of thy no-"ſtrils. When the Holy One alighted upon Mount "Sinai his glory covered the heavens; he ſtood and "meaſured the earth; he beheld and drove aſunder "the nations, and the everlaſting mountains were "ſcattered; the perpetual hills did bow; his ways are "everlaſting." Then the prophet ſaw "the tents of "Cuſhan in affliction, and the curtains of the land of "Midian did tremble," *Hab.* iii. Nor did the bleſſed Spirit which animated theſe writers forbid them the uſe of viſions, dreams, the opening of ſcenes dreadful and delightful, and the introduction of machines upon great occaſions: the divine licence in this reſpect is admirable and ſurpriſing, and the images are often too bold and dangerous for an uninſpired writer to imitate. Mr Dennis has made a noble eſſay to diſ-

cover how much superiour is inspired poesy to the brightest and best descriptions of a mortal pen: perhaps if his proposal of criticism had been encouraged and pursued the nation might have learnt more value for the word of God, and the wits of the age might have been secured from the danger of deism, while they must have been forced to confess at least the divinity of all the poetical books of Scripture when they see a genius running through them more than human.

Who is there now will dare to assert that the doctrines of our holy faith will not indulge or endure a delightful dress? Shall the French poet * affright us by saying

> " De la foy d'un Cretien les mysteres terribles,
> " D'ornemens egayez ne sont point susceptibles."

But the French critick †, in his "Reflections upon "Eloquence," tells us "that the majesty of our religion, the holiness of its laws, the purity of its morals, the height of its mysteries, and the importance of every subject that belongs to it, requires a grandeur, a nobleness, a majesty, and elevation of style, suited to the theme; sparkling images and magnificent expressions must be used, and are best borrowed from Scripture. Let the preacher that aims at eloquence read the Prophets incessantly, for their writings are an abundant source of all the riches and ornaments of speech." And in my opinion

* Boileau. † Rapin.

this is far better counsel than Horace gives us when he says

"——— Vos exemplaria Græca
"Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna."

"As in the conduct of my studies with regard to divinity I have reason to repent of nothing more than that I have not perused the Bible with more frequency, so if I were to set up for a poet with a design to exceed all the modern writers I would follow the advice of Rapin, and read the Prophets night and day. I am sure the compo?sures of the following book would have been filled with much greater sense, and appeared with much more agreeable ornaments, had I derived a larger portion from the Holy Scriptures.

Besides, we may fetch a further answer to Monf. Boileau's objection from other poets of his own country. What a noble use have Racine and Corneille made of Christian subjects in some of their best tragedies! what a variety of divine scenes are displayed and pious passions awakened in those poems! The martyrdom of Polyeucte how doth it reign over our love and pity, and at the same time animate our zeal and devotion! May I here be permitted the liberty to return my thanks to that fair and ingenious hand* that directed me to such entertainments in a foreign language, which I had long wished for and sought in vain in our own: yet I must confess that the Davideis

* Philomela.

and the two Arthurs have so far answered Boileau's objection in English, as that the obstacles of attempting Christian poesy are broken down, and the vain pretence of its being impracticable is experimentally confuted †.

It is true indeed the Christian mysteries have not such need of gay trappings as beautified or rather composed the Heathen superstition; but this still makes for the greater ease and surer success of the poet. The wonders of our religion, in a plain narration and a simple dress, have a native grandeur, a dignity and a beauty, in them, though they do not utterly disdain all methods of ornament. The Book of the Revelations seems to be a prophecy in the form of an opera or a dramatick poem, where divine art illustrates the subject with many charming glories: but still it must be acknowledged that the naked themes of Christianity have something brighter and bolder in them, something more surprising and celestial, than all the adventures of gods and heroes, all the dazzling images of false lustre that form and garnish a Heathen song. Here the very argument would give wonderful aids to the Muse, and the heavenly theme would

† Sir Richard Blackmore, in his admirable preface to his last poem entitled Alfred, has most copiously refuted all Boileau's arguments on this subject, and that with great justice and elegance, 1723. I am persuaded that many persons who despise the poem would acknowledge the just sentiments of that preface.

to relieve a dull hour and a languishing genius, that when the Muse nods the sense would burn and sparkle upon the reader, and keep him feelingly awake.

With how much less toil and expense might a Dryden, an Otway, a Congreve, or a Dennis, furnish out a Christian poem than a modern play? There is nothing amongst all the ancient fables or later romances that have two such extremes united in them as the Eternal God becoming an infant of days; the Possessor of the palace of heaven laid to sleep in a manger; the holy Jesus, who knew no sin, bearing the sins of men in his body on the tree; agonies of sorrow loading the soul of him who was God over all, blessed for ever! and the Sovereign of life stretching his arms on a cross, bleeding and expiring. The heaven and the hell in our divinity are infinitely more delightful and dreadful than the childish figments of a dog with three heads, the buckets of the Belides, the Furies with snaky hairs, or all the flowry stories of Elysium. And if we survey the one as themes divinely true, and the other as a medley of fooleries which we can never believe, the advantage for touching the springs of passion will fall infinitely on the side of the Christian poet: our wonder and our love, our pity, delight, and sorrow, with the long train of hopes and fears, must needs be under the command of an harmonious pen, whose every line makes a part of the reader's faith, and is the very life or death of his soul.

If the trifling and incredible tales that furnish out a tragedy are so armed by Wit and Fancy as to become sovereign of the rational powers, to triumph over all the affections, and manage our smiles and our tears at pleasure, how wondrous a conquest might be obtained over a wild world, and reduce it at least to sobriety, if the same happy talent were employed in dressing the scenes of religion in their proper figures of majesty, sweetness, and terrour! the wonders of creating power, of redeeming love and renewing grace, ought not to be thus impiously neglected by those whom Heaven has endued with a gift so proper to adorn and cultivate them; an art whose sweet insinuations might almost convey piety in resisting nature, and melt the hardest souls to the love of virtue. The affairs of this life, with their reference to a life to come, would shine bright in a dramatick description; nor is there any need or any reason why we should always borrow the plan or history from the ancient Jews or primitive martyrs, though several of these would furnish out noble materials for this sort of poesy; but modern scenes would be better understood by most readers, and the application would be much more easy. The anguish of inward guilt, the secret stings and racks and scourges of conscience, the sweet retiring hours and seraphical joys of devotion, the victory of a resolved soul over a thousand temptations, the inimitable love and passion of a dying God, the awful glories of the last tribunal,

the grand decisive sentence, from which there is no appeal, and the consequent transports or horrours of the two eternal worlds, these things may be variously disposed, and form many poems. How might such performances under a divine blessing call back the dying piety of the nation to life and beauty? This would make religion appear like itself, and confound the blasphemies of a profligate world, ignorant of pious pleasures.

But we have reason to fear that the tuneful men of our day have not raised their ambition to so divine a pitch; I should rejoice to see more of this celestial fire kindling within them, for the flashes that break out in some present and past writings betray an infernal source. This the incomparable Mr. Cowley, in the latter end of his preface, and the ingenious Sir Richard Blackmore in the beginning of his, have so pathetically described and lamented that I rather refer the reader to mourn with them than detain and tire him here. These gentlemen, in their large and laboured works of poesy, have given the world happy examples of what they wish and encourage in prose, the one in a rich variety of thought and fancy, the other in all the shining colours of profuse and florid diction.

If shorter sonnets were composed on sublime subjects, such as the Psalms of David, and the holy transports interspersed in the other sacred writings, or such as the moral Odes of Horace and the ancient

Lyricks, I perſuade myſelf that the Chriſtian preacher would find abundant aid from the poet in his deſign to diffuſe virtue and allure ſouls to God. If the heart were firſt inflamed from Heaven, and the Muſe were not left alone to form the devotion and purſue a cold ſcent, but only called in as an aſſiſtant to the worſhip, then the ſong would end where the inſpiration ceaſes, the whole compoſure would be of a piece, all meridian light and meridian fervour, and the ſame pious flame would be propagated and kept glowing in the heart of him that reads. Some of the ſhorter Odes of the two poets now mentioned, and a few of the Reverend Mr. Norris's Eſſays in Verſe, are convincing inſtances of the ſucceſs of this propoſal.

It is my opinion alſo that the free and unconfined numbers of Pindar, or the noble meaſures of Milton without rhyme, would beſt maintain the dignity of the theme, as well as give a looſe to the devout ſoul, nor check the raptures of her faith and love. Though in my feeble attempts of this kind I have too often fettered my thoughts in the narrow metre of our old pſalm tranſlators, I have not contracted and cramped the ſenſe, or rendered it obſcure and feeble, by the too ſpeedy and regular returns of rhyme.

If my friends expect any reaſon of the following compoſures, and of the firſt or ſecond publication, I entreat them to accept of this account.

The title assures them that poesy is not the business of my life; and if I seized those hours of leisure wherein my soul was in a more sprightly frame to entertain them or myself with a divine or moral song I hope I shall find an easy pardon.

In the First Book are many odes which were written to assist the meditations and worship of vulgar Christians, and with a design to be published in the volume of Hymns which I have now passed a second impression; but upon the review I found some expressions that were not suited to the plainest capacity, and the metaphors are too bold to please the weaker Christian, therefore I have allotted them a place here.

Amongst the Songs that are dedicated to Divine Love, I think I may be bold to assert that I never composed one line of them with any other design than what they are applied to here; and I have endeavoured to secure them all from being perverted and debased to wanton passions by several lines in them that can never be applied to a meaner love. Are not the noblest instances of the grace of Christ represented under the figure of a conjugal state, and described in one of the sweetest odes and the softest pastoral that ever was written? I appeal to Solomon * in his Song, and his father David, in *Psalm* xlv. if David was the author; and I am well assured that I have never indul-

* Solomon's Song was much more in use amongst preachers and writers of divinity when these poems were written than it is now, 1736.

ged an equal licence: it was dangerous to imitate the ſacred writers too nearly in ſo nice an affair.

The Poems ſacred to Virtue, *&c.* were formed when the frame and humour of my ſoul was juſt ſuited to the ſubject of my verſe: the image of my heart is painted in them; and if they meet with a reader whoſe ſoul is akin to mine perhaps they may agreeably entertain him. The dulneſs of the fancy and coarſeneſs of expreſſion will diſappear; the ſameneſs of the humour will create a pleaſure, and inſenſibly overcome and conceal the defects of the Muſe. Young gentlemen and ladies whoſe genius and education have given them a reliſh of oratory and verſe may be tempted to ſeek ſatisfaction among the dangerous diverſions of the ſtage, and impure ſonnets, if there be no proviſion of a ſafer kind made to pleaſe them. While I have attempted to gratify innocent fancy in this reſpect I have not forgotten to allure the heart to virtue, and to raiſe it to a diſdain of brutal pleaſures. The frequent interpoſition of a devout thought may awaken the mind to a ſerious ſenſe of God, religion, and eternity. The ſame duty that might be deſpiſed in a ſermon when propoſed to their reaſon, may here perhaps ſeize the lower faculties with ſurpriſe, delight, and devotion at once, and thus by degrees draw the ſuperiour powers of the mind to piety. Amongſt the infinite numbers of mankind there is

not more difference in their outward ſhape and features than in their temper and inward inclination. Some are more eaſily ſuſceptive of religion in a grave diſcourſe and ſedate reaſoning; ſome are beſt frighted from ſin and ruin by terrour, threatening, and amazement; their fear is the propereſt paſſion to which we can addreſs ourſelves, and begin the divine work; others can feel no motive ſo powerful as that which applies itſelf to their ingenuity and their poliſhed imagination. Now I thought it lawful to take hold of any handle of the ſoul to lead it away betimes from vicious pleaſures; and if I could but make up a compoſition of virtue and delight ſuited to the taſte of wellbred youth and a refined education, I had ſome hope to allure and raiſe them thereby above the vile temptations of degenerate nature, and cuſtom, that is yet more degenerate. When I have felt a ſlight inclination to ſatire or burleſque I thought it proper to ſuppreſs it. The grinning and the growling Muſe are not hard to be obtained, but I would diſdain their aſſiſtance where a manly invitation to virtue and a friendly ſmile may be ſucceſsfully employed. Could I perſuade any man by a kinder method I ſhould never think it proper to ſcold or laugh at him.

Perhaps there are ſome moroſe readers that ſtand ready to condemn every line that is written upon the theme of Love; but have we not the cares and the

felicities of that sort of social life represented to us in the Sacred Writings? Some expressions are there used with a design to give a mortifying influence to our softest affections; others again brighten the character of that state, and allure virtuous souls to pursue the divine advantage of it, the mutual assistance in the way to salvation. Are not the cxxviith and cxxviiith Psalms indited on this very subject? shall it be awful for the press and the pulpit to treat of it with a becoming solemnity in prose, and must the mention of the same thing in poesy be pronounced for ever unlawful? Is it utterly unworthy of a serious character to write on this argument because it has been unhappily polluted by some scurrilous pens? Why may I not be permitted to obviate a common and a growing mischief, while a thousand vile poems of the amorous kind swarm abroad, and give a vicious taint to the unwary reader? I would tell the world that I have endeavoured to recover this argument out of the hands of impure writers, and to make it appear that virtue and love are not such strangers as they are represented. The blissful intimacy of souls in that state will afford sufficient furniture for the gravest entertainment in verse, so that it need not be everlastingly dressed up in ridicule, nor assumed only to furnish out the loud sonnets of the times. May some happier genius promote the same service that I proposed, and

by superiour sense and sweeter sound render what I have written contemptible and useless!

The imitations of that noblest Latin poet of modern ages, Casimire Sarbiewski of Poland, would need no excuse did they but arise to the beauty of the original. I have often taken the freedom to add ten or twenty lines, or to leave out as many, that I might suit my Song more to my own design, or because I saw it impossible to present the force, the fineness, and the fire, of his expression in our language. There are a few copies wherein I borrowed some hints from the same author without the mention of his name in the title. Methinks I can allow so superiour a genius now and then to be lavish in his imagination, and to indulge some excursions beyond the limits of sedate judgment: the riches and glory of his verse make atonement in abundance. I wish some English pen would import more of his treasures and bless our nation.

The Inscriptions to particular friends are warranted and defended by the practice of almost all the Lyrick writers: they frequently convey the rigid rules of morality to the mind in the softer method of applause. Sustained by their example a man will not easily be overwhelmed by the heaviest censures of the unthinking and unknowing, especially when there is a shadow of this practice in the divine Psalmist, while he

inscribes to Asaph or Jeduthun his songs that were made for the harp, or (which is all one) his Lyrick Odes, though they are addressed to God himself.

In the Poems of heroick measure I have attempted in rhyme the same variety of cadence, comma, and period, which blank verse glories in as its peculiar elegance and ornament. It degrades the excellency of the best versification when the lines run on by couplets, twenty together, just in the same pace and with the same pauses: it spoils the noblest pleasure of the sound: the reader is tired with the tedious uniformity, or charmed to sleep with the unmanly softness of the numbers and the perpetual chime of even cadences.

In the Essays without Rhyme I have not set up Milton for a perfect pattern; though he shall be for ever honoured as our deliverer from the bondage. His works contain admirable and unequalled instances of bright and beautiful diction, as well as majesty and sereneness of thought. There are several episodes in his longer works that stand in supreme dignity without a rival; yet all that vast reverence with which I read his Paradise Lost cannot persuade me to be charmed with every page of it. The length of his periods, and sometimes of his parentheses, runs me out of breath: some of his numbers seem too harsh and uneasy. I could never believe that roughness and obscurity added any thing to the true grandeur of a poem;

nor will I ever affect archaisms, exoticisms and a quaint uncouthness of speech, in order to become perfectly Miltonian. It is my opinion that blank verse may be written with all due elevation of thought in a modern style, without borrowing any thing from Chaucer's Tales, or running back as far as the days of Colin the Shepherd and the reign of the Fairy Queen. The oddness of an antique sound gives but a false pleasure to the ear, and abuses the true relish even when it works delight. There were some such judges of poesy among the old Romans; and Martial ingeniously laughs at one of them that was pleased, even to astonishment, with obsolete words and figures;

"Attonitusque legis terrai frugiferai."

So the ill-drawn postures and distortions of shape that we meet with in Chinese pictures charm a sickly fancy by their very awkwardness; so a distempered appetite will chew coals and sand and pronounce it gustful.

In the Pindaricks I have generally conformed my lines to the shorter size of the Ancients, and avoided to imitate the excessive lengths to which some modern writers have stretched their sentences, and especially the concluding verse. In these the ear is the truest judge; nor was it made to be enslaved to any precise model of elder or later times.

After all I must petition my reader to lay aside the sour and sullen air of criticism, and to assume the

friend. Let him chuse such copies to read at particular hours when the temper of his mind is suited to the song: let him come with a desire to be entertained and pleased, rather than to seek his own disgust and aversion, which will not be hard to find. I am not so vain as to think there are no faults, nor so blind as to espy none, tho' I hope the multitude of alterations in this second edition are not without amendment. There is so large a difference between this and the former in the change of titles, lines, and whole poems, as well as in the various transpositions, that it would be useless and endless, and all confusion, for any reader to compare them throughout. The additions also make up almost half the book, and some of these have need of as many alterations as the former. Many a line needs the file to polish the roughness of it, and many a thought wants richer language to adorn and make it shine. Wide defects and equal superfluities may be found, especially in the larger pieces; but I have at present neither inclination nor leisure to correct, and I hope I never shall. It is one of the biggest satisfactions I take in giving this volume to the world, that I expect to be for ever free from the temptation of making or mending poems again *; so that my

* "Naturam expellas furcâ licet, usque recurret." *Hor.*
Will this short note of Horace excuse a man who has resisted nature many years, but has been sometimes overcome? 1736. Edition the 7th.

friends may be perfectly secure against this impression's growing waste upon their hands, and useless as the former has done. Let minds that are better furnished for such performances pursue these studies, if they are convinced that poesy can be made serviceable to religion and virtue; as for myself, I almost blush to think that I have read so little and written so much. The following years of my life shall be more entirely devoted to the immediate and direct labours of my station, excepting those hours that may be employed in finishing my Imitation of the Psalms of David in Christian language, which I have now promised the world *.

I cannot court the world to purchase this book for their pleasure or entertainment, by telling them that any one copy entirely pleases me; the best of them sinks below the idea which I form of a divine or moral ode. He that deals in the mysteries of Heaven or of the Muses should be a genius of no vulgar mould; and as the name *Vates* belongs to both, so the furniture of both is comprised in that line of Horace,

——" Cui mens divinior, atque os
" Magna sonaturum"——

But what Juvenal spake in his age abides true in ours; a complete poet or a prophet is such a one,

——" Qualem nequeo monstrare, et sentio tantum."

Perhaps neither of these characters in perfection shall ever be seen on earth till the seventh angel has

* In the year 1719 these were finished and printed.

founded his awful trumpet, till the victory be complete over the Beast and his image, when the natives of heaven shall join in concert with prophets and saints, and sing to their golden harps "Salvation, "honour, and glory, to him that sits upon the throne, "and to the Lamb, for ever!"

May 14. 1709.

RECOMMENDATORY POEMS,

ADDRESSED TO MR. WATTS.

On reading Dr. Watts' poems ſacred to piety and devotion.

REGARD the man who in ſeraphick lays
And flowing numbers ſings his Maker's praiſe:
He needs invoke no fabled Muſe's art,
The heav'nly ſong comes genuine from his heart,
From that pure heart which God hasdeign'd t' inſpire
With holy raptures and a ſacred fire.
Thrice happy man! whoſe ſoul and guiltleſs breaſt
Are well prepar'd to lodge th' almighty Gueſt!
'Tis he that lends thy tow'ring thoughts their wing,
And tunes thy lyre when thou attempt'ſt to ſing;
He to thy ſoul lets in celeſtial day
Ev'n whilſt impriſon'd in this mortal clay.
By Death's grim aſpect thou art not alarm'd;
He for thy ſake has Death itſelf diſarm'd:
Nor ſhall the grave o'er thee a vict'ry boaſt;
Her triumph in thy riſing ſhall be loſt,
When thou ſhalt join th' angelick choirs above
In never-ending ſongs of praiſe and love.

EUSEBIA.

To Dr. Watts on his poems ſacred to devotion.

I.

To murm'ring ſtreams in tender ſtrains
My penſive Muſe no more
Of Love's enchanting force complains
Along the flow'ry ſhore.

II.

No more Mirtillo's fatal face
My quiet breaſt alarms,
His eyes, his air, and youthful grace,
Have loſt their uſual charms.

III.

No gay Alexis in the grove
Shall be my future theme;
I burn with an immortal love,
And ſing a purer flame.

IV.

Seraphick heights I ſeem to gain
And ſacred tranſports feel
While Watts! to thy celeſtial ſtrain
Surpris'd I liſten ſtill.

V.

The gliding ſtreams their courſe forbear
When I thy lays repeat,
The bending foreſt lends an ear,
The birds their notes forget.

VI.

With ſuch a graceful harmony
Thy numbers ſtill prolong,
And let remoteſt lands reply
And echo to thy ſong.

VII.

Far as the diſtant regions where
The beauteous morning ſprings,
And ſcatters odours thro' the air
From her reſplendent wings;

VIII.

Unto the newfound realms which see
The latter sun arise,
When with an easy progress he
Rolls down the nether skies. 32

July 1706. PHILOMELA.

To Dr. Watts on reading his Horæ Lyricæ.

HAIL, heav'n-born Muse! that with celestial flame
And high seraphick numbers durst attempt
To gain thy native skies. No common theme
Merits thy thought, self conscious of a soul
Superiour, tho' on earth detain'd a while.
Like some propitious angel that's design'd
A resident in this inferiour orb
To guide the wand'ring souls to heav'nly bliss
Thou seem'st; while thou their everlasting songs
Hast sung to mortal ears, and down to earth
Transferr'd the work of Heav'n; with thought su-
And high sonorous words thou sweetly sing'st [blime
To thy immortal lyre. Amaz'd we view
The tow'ring height stupendous, while thou soar'st
Above the reach of vulgar eyes or thought,
Hymning th' Eternal Father, as of old,
When first th' Almighty from the dark abyss
Of everlasting night and silence call'd
The shining worlds with one creating word,

And rais'd from nothing all the heav'nly hosts,
And with external glories fill'd the void,
Harmonious seraphs tun'd their golden harps,
And with their cheerful hallelujahs bless'd
The bounteous Author of their happiness;
From orb to orb th' alternate musick rang,
And from the crystal arches of the sky
Reach'd our then glorious world, the native seat
Of the first happy pair, who join'd their songs
To the loud echoes of th' angelick choirs,
And fill'd with blissful hymns terrestrial heav'n,
The Paradise of God, where all delights
Abounded, and the pure ambrosial air
Fann'd by mild Zephirs breath'd eternal sweets,
Forbidding death and sorrow, and bestow'd
Fresh heav'nly bloom and gay immortal youth.
Not so, alas! the vile apostate race,
Who in mad joys their brutal hours employ'd,
Assaulting with their impious blasphemies
The Pow'r supreme that gave them life and breath;
Incarnate fiends! outrageous, they defy'd
Th' Eternal's thunder, and Almighty wrath
Fearless provok'd, which all the other devils
Would dread to meet; rememb'ring well the day
When, driv'n from pure immortal seats above,
A fiery tempest hurl'd 'em down the skies,
And hung upon the rear, urging their fall
To the dark, deep, unfathomable, gulf,

Where bound on sulph'rous lakes to glowing rocks
With adamantine chains they wail their woes,
And know Jehovah great as well as good,
And fix'd for ever by eternal Fate
With horrour find his arm omnipotent.
Prodigious madneſs! that the ſacred Muſe,
Firſt taught in Heav'n to mount immortal heights,
And trace the boundleſs glories of the ſky,
Should now to ev'ry idol baſely bow
And curſe the Deity ſhe once ador'd,
Erecting trophies to each ſordid vice,
And celebrating the infernal praiſe
Of haughty Lucifer, the deſp'rate foe
Of God and man, and winning ev'ry hour
New votaries to hell, while all the fiends
Hear theſe accurſed lays, and thus outdone
Raging they try to match the human race,
Redoubling all their helliſh blaſphemies,
And with loud curſes rend the gloomy vault.
Ungrateful mortals! ah! too late you'll find
What 'tis to banter Heav'n and laugh at hell,
To dreſs up vice in falſe deluſive charms,
And with gay colours paint her hideous face,
Leading beſotted ſouls thro' flow'ry paths
In gaudy dreams and vain fantaſtick joys
To diſmal ſcenes of everlaſting wo,
When the great Judge ſhall rear his awful throne,
And raging flames ſurround the trembling globe;

While the loud thunders roar from pole to pole,
And the laſt trump awakes the ſleeping dead,
And guilty ſouls to ghaſtly bodies driv'n,
Within thoſe dire eternal priſons ſhut,
Expect their ſad inexorable doom:
Say now, ye Men of wit! what turn of thought
Will pleaſe you then? alas! how dull and poor
Ev'n to yourſelves with your lewd flights appear!
How will you envy then the happy fate
Of idiots! and perhaps in vain you'll wiſh
You 'ad been as very fools as once you thought
Others, for the ſublimeſt wiſdom ſcorn'd,
When pointed lightnings from the wrathful Judge
Shall ſinge your laurels, and the very men
Who thought they flew ſo high ſhall fall ſo low.
  No more, my Muſe! of that tremendous thought;
Reſume thy more delightful theme, and ſing
Th' immortal man that with immortal verſe
Rivals the hymns of angels, and like them
Deſpiſes mortal criticks' idle rules;
While the celeſtial flame that warms thy ſoul
Inſpires us, and with holy tranſports moves
Our lab'ring minds, and nobler ſcenes preſents
Than all the Pagan poets ever ſung,
Homer or Virgil, and far ſweeter notes
Than Horace ever taught his ſounding lyre,
And purer far, tho' Martial's ſelf might ſeem
A modeſt poet in our Chriſtian days.

May thoſe forgotten and neglected lie;
No more let men be fond of fabulous gods,
Nor Heathen wit debauch one Chriſtian line,
While with the coarſe and daubing paint we hide
The ſhining beauties of eternal Truth,
That in her native dreſs appears moſt bright,
And charms the eyes of angels—Oh! like thee
Let ev'ry nobler genius tune his voice
To ſubjects worthy of their tow'ring thoughts:
Let Heav'n and Anna then your tuneful art
Improve, and conſecrate your deathleſs lays
To him who reigns above and her who rules below.

April 17. 1706.

JOSEPH STANDEN.

To Dr. Watts on his divine poems.

Say, human ſeraph! whence that charming force,
That flame, that ſoul, which animates each line,
And how it runs with ſuch a graceful eaſe,
Loaded with pond'rous ſenſe? Say, did not he,
The lovely Jeſus, who commands thy breaſt,
Inſpire thee with himſelf? With Jeſus dwells,
Knit in myſterious bands, the Paraclete,
The breath of God, the everlaſting ſource
Of love: and what is love in ſouls like thine
But air and incenſe to the poet's fire?
Should an expiring ſaint, whoſe ſwimming eyes

Mingle the images of things about him,
But hear the leaſt exalted of thy ſtrains
How greedily he 'd drink the muſick in,
Thinking his heav'nly convoy waited near!
So great a ſtreſs of pow'rful harmony
Nature, unable longer to ſuſtain,
Would ſink oppreſs'd with joy to endleſs reſt.
Let none henceforth of Providence complain,
As if the world of ſpirits lay unknown,
Fenc'd round with black impenetrable night:
What tho' no ſhining angel darts from thence
With leave to publiſh things conceal'd from ſenſe?
In language bright as theirs we are here told,
When life its narrow round of years hath roll'd,
What 'tis employs the bleſs'd, what make their bliſs;
Songs ſuch as Watts's are, and love like his.
But then, dear Sir, be cautious how you uſe
To tranſports ſo intenſely rais'd your Muſe,
Leſt whilſt th' ecſtatick impulſe you obey
The ſoul leap out and drop the duller clay.

Sept. 4. 1706. HENRY GROVE.

To Dr. Watts on the fifth edition of his Horæ Lyricæ.

SOV'REIGN of Sacred Verſe! accept the lays
Of a young bard that dares attempt thy praiſe;
A Muſe the meaneſt of the vocal throng,
New to the bays, nor equal to the ſong,

Fir'd with the growing glories of thy fame,
Joins all her pow'rs to celebrate thy name.
No vulgar themes thy pious Muse engage,
No scenes of lust pollute thy sacred page:
You in majestick numbers mount the skies,
And meet descending angels as you rise,
Whose just applauses charm the crowded groves,
And Addison thy tuneful song approves.
Soft harmony and manly vigour join
To form the beauties of each sprightly line,
For ev'ry grace of ev'ry Muse is thine.
Milton, immortal bard! divinely bright,
Conducts his fav'rite to the realms of light,
Where Raphael's lyre charms the celestial throng,
Delighted cherubs list'ning to the song:
From bliss to bliss the happy beings rove,
And taste the sweets of musick and of love:
But when the softer scenes of life you paint,
And join the beauteous virgin to the saint,
When you describe how few the happy pairs
Whose hearts united soften all their cares,
We see to whom the sweetest joys belong,
And Myra's beauties consecrate your song.
Fain the unnumber'd graces I would tell,
And on the pleasing theme for ever dwell,
But the Muse faints, unequal to the flight,
And hears thy strains with wonder and delight.

When tombs of princes ſhall in ruins lie,
And all but heav'n-born Piety ſhall die,
When the laſt trumpet wakes the ſilent dead,
And each laſcivious poet hides his head,
With thee ſhall thy divine Urania riſe,
Crown'd with freſh laurels to thy native ſkies;
Great Howe and Gouge ſhall hail thee on thy way,
And welcome thee to the bright realms of day,
Adapt thy tuneful notes to heav'nly ſtrings,
And join the lyrick ode while ſome fair ſeraph ſings.

Sic ſpirat, ſic optat,

Tui amantiſſimus,

BRITANNICUS.

HORÆ LYRICÆ.

BOOK I.

SACRED TO DEVOTION AND PIETY.

Worſhipping with fear.

Who dares attempt th' Eternal Name
With notes of mortal ſound?
Dangers and glories guard the theme
And ſpread deſpair around!

2. Deſtruction waits to obey his frown,
And heav'n attends his ſmile;
A wreath of lightning arms his crown,
But love adorns it ſtill.

3. Celeſtial King! our ſpirits lie
Trembling beneath thy feet,
And wiſh and caſt a longing eye
To reach thy lofty ſeat.

4. When ſhall we ſee the Great Unknown,
And in thy preſence ſtand?
Reveal the ſplendours of thy throne,
But ſhield us with thy hand.

5. In thee what endleſs wonders meet!
What various glories ſhines!
The croſſing rays too fiercely beat
Upon our fainting minds.

6. Angels are loſt in ſweet ſurpriſe
If thou unveil thy grace,
And humble awe runs thro' the ſkies
When wrath arrays thy face.

7. When mercy joins with majeſty
To ſpread their beams abroad,
Not all their faireſt minds on high
Are ſhadows of a God.

8. Thy works the ſtrongeſt ſeraph ſings
In a too feeble ſtrain,
And labours hard on all his ſtrings
To reach thy thoughts in vain.

9. Created pow'rs how weak they be!
How ſhort our praiſes fall!
So much akin to nothing we,
And thou th' Eternal All.

Aſking leave to ſing.

YET, mighty God! indulge my tongue,
Nor let thy thunders roar,
Whilſt the young notes and vent'rous ſong
To worlds of glory ſoar.

2. If thou my daring flight forbid
The Muſe folds up her wings,
Or at thy word her ſlender reed
Attempts almighty things.

3. Her ſlender reed inſpir'd by thee
Bids a new Eden grow
With blooming life on ev'ry tree,
And ſpreads a heav'n below.

4. She mocks the trumpet's loud alarms
Fill'd with thy dreadful breath,
And calls th' angelick hoſts to arms
To give the nations death.

5. But when ſhe taſtes her Saviour's love
And feels the rapture ſtrong,
Scarce the divineſt harp above
Aims at a ſweeter ſong.

Divine judgments.

I.

Not from the duſt my ſorrows ſpring,
Nor drop my comfort from the lower ſkies;
Let all the baneful planets ſhed
Their mingled curſes on my head,
How vain their curſes if th' Eternal King
Look thro' the clouds and bleſs me with his eyes?
Creatures with all their boaſted ſway
Are but his ſlaves and muſt obey;
They wait their orders from above,
And execute his word, the vengeance or the love.

II.

'Tis by a warrant from his hand
The gentler gales are bound to ſleep;
The north wind bluſters, and aſſumes command
Over the deſert and the deep:

Old Boreas with his freezing powers
Turns the earth iron, makes the ocean glaſs,
Arreſts the dancing riv'lets as they paſs,
And chains them moveleſs to their ſhores:
The grazing ox lows to the gelid ſkies,
Walks o'er the marble meads with with'ring eyes,
Walks o'er the ſolid lakes, ſnuffs up the wind and dies.

III.

Fly to the polar world, my ſong,
And mourn the pilgrims there, (a wretched throng!)
Seiz'd and bound in rigid chains,
A troop of ſtatues on the Ruſſian plains,
And life ſtands frozen in the purple veins.
Athieſt, forbear; no more blaſpheme;
God has a thouſand terrours in his name,
A thouſand armies at command,
Waiting the ſignal of his hand,
And magazines of froſt and magazines of flame.
Dreſs thee in ſteel to meet his wrath,
His ſharp artillery from the north
Shall pierce thee to the ſoul, and ſhake thy mortal frame.
Sublime on winter's rugged wings
He rides in arms along the ſky,
And ſcatters fate on ſwains and kings,
And flocks, and herds, and nations, die,
While impious lips profanely bold
Grow pale, and quiv'ring at his dreadful cold
Give their own blaſphemies the lie.

IV.

The miſchiefs that infeſt the earth
When the hot Dogſtar fires the realms on high,
Drought and deſeaſe, and cruel death,
Are but the flaſhes of a wrathful eye
From the incens'd divinity;
In vain our parching palates thirſt,
For vital food in vain we cry,
And pant for vital breath;
The verdant fields are burnt to duſt,
The ſun has drunk the channels dry,
And all the air is death.
Ye ſcourges of our Maker's rod,
'Tis at his dread command, at his imperial nod,
You deal your various plagues abroad.

V.

Hail, whirlwinds, hurricanes, and floods,
That all the leafy ſtandards ſtrip,
And bear down with a mighty ſweep
The riches of the fields and honours of the woods;
Storms that ravage o'er the deep
And bury millions in the waves,
Earthquakes that in midnight ſleep
Turn cities into heaps, and make our beds our graves,
While you diſpenſe your mortal harms
'Tis the Creator's voice that ſounds your loud alarms,
When guilt with louder cries provokes a God to arms.

VI.

O for a meſſage from above
To bear my ſpirits up,
Some pledge of my Creator's love
To calm my terrours and ſupport my hope!
Let waves and thunders mix and roar,
Be thou my God and the whole world is mine;
While thou art ſov'reign I'm ſecure;
I ſhall be rich till thou art poor;
For all I fear and all I wiſh, heav'n, earth, and hell, are thine.

Earth and heaven.

HAST thou not ſeen, impatient boy,
Haſt thou not read the ſolemn truth,
That gray Experience writes for giddy youth,
On ev'ry mortal joy?
"Pleaſure muſt be daſh'd with pain;"
And yet with heedleſs haſte
The thirſty boy repeats the taſte,
Nor hearkens to deſpair, but tries the bowl again.
The rills of pleaſure never run ſincere;
(Earth has no unpolluted ſpring;)
From the curs'd ſoil ſome dang'rous taint they bear;
So roſes grow on thorns and honey wears a ſting.

II.

In vain we ſeek a heav'n below the ſky;
The world has falſe but flatt'ring charms;
Its diſtant joys ſhow big in our eſteem,
But leſſen ſtill as they draw near the eye:

In our embrace the visions die,
And when we grasp the airy forms
We lose the pleasing dream.

III.

Earth with her scenes of gay delight
Is but a landscape rudely drawn,
With glaring colours and false light;
Distance commends it to the sight
For fools to gaze upon;
But bring the nauseous daubing nigh
Coarse and confus'd the hideous figures lie,
Dissolve the pleasure and offend the eye.

IV.

Look up, my soul! pant tow'rd th' eternal hills;
Those heav'ns are fairer than they seem;
There pleasures all sincere glide on in crystal rills;
There not a dreg of guilt defiles,
Nor grief disturbs the stream:
That Canaan knows no noxious thing,
No cursed soil no tainted spring,
Nor roses grow on thorns nor honey wears a sting.

Felicity above.

No, 'tis in vain to seek for bliss;
For bliss can ne'er be found
'Till we arrive where Jesus is
And tread on heav'nly ground.

2. There's nothing round these painted ſkies
Or round this duſty clod,
Nothing, my ſoul! that's worth thy joys,
Or lovely as thy God.

3. 'Tis heav'n on earth to taſte his love,
To feel his quick'ning grace,
And all the heav'n I hope above
Is but to ſee his face.

4. Why move my years in ſlow delay?
O God of ages! why?
Let the ſpheres cleave and mark my way
To the ſuperiour ſky.

5. Dear Sov'reign! break theſe vital ſtrings
That bind me to my clay;
Take me Uriel on thy wings,
And ſtretch and ſoar away.

God's dominion and decrees.

Keep ſilence all created things
And wait your Maker's nod;
The Muſe ſtands trembling while ſhe ſings
The honours of her God.

2. Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,
Hang on his firm decree;
He ſits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.

3. Th' almighty voice bid ancient Night
Her endleſs realms reſign,
And lo! ten thouſand globes of light
In fields of azure ſhine.

4. Now wiſdom with ſuperiour ſway
Guides the vaſt moving frame,
Whilſt all the ranks of beings pay
Deep rev'rence to his name.

5. He ſpake; the ſun obedient ſtood
And held the falling day,
Old Jordan backward drives his flood
And diſappoints the ſea.

6. Lord of the armies of the ſky
He marſhals all the ſtars;
Red comets lift their banners high,
And wide proclaim his wars.

7. Chain'd to his throne a volume lies
With all the fates of men,
With ev'ry angel's form and ſize
Drawn by th' Eternal pen.

8. His providence unfolds the book
And makes his counſels ſhine;
Each op'ning leaf and ev'ry ſtroke
Fulfils ſome deep deſign.

9. Here he exalts neglected worms
To ſceptres and a crown,
Anon the following page he turns
And treads the monarchs down.

10. Not Gabriel aſks the reaſon why,
Nor God the reaſon gives,
Nor dares the fav'rite angel pry
Between the folded leaves. 40

11. My God! I never long'd to ſee
My fate with curious eyes,
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright ſcenes ſhall riſe. 44

12. In thy fair book of life and grace
May I but find my name
Recorded in ſome humble place
Beneath my Lord the Lamb. 48

Self-conſecration.

I.

It grieves me, Lord, it grieves me ſore,
That I have liv'd to thee no more,
And waſted half my days;
My inward pow'r ſhall burn and flame
With zeal and paſſion for thy name;
I would not ſpeak but for my God, nor move but to [his praiſe.

II.

What are my eyes but aids to ſee 7
The glories of the Deity
Inſcrib'd with beams of light
On flow'rs and ſtars? Lord! I behold
The ſhining azure green and gold,
But when I try to read thy name a dimneſs veils my [ſight.

III.

Mine ears are rais'd when Virgil sings
Sicilian swains or Trojan kings,
And drink the musick in:
Why should the trumpet's brazen voice
Or oaten reed awake my joys,
And yet my heart so stupid lie when sacred hymns be-
[gin?

IV.

Change me, O God! my flesh shall be
An instrument of song to thee,
And thou the notes inspire;
My tongue shall keep the heav'nly chime,
My cheerful pulse shall beat the time,
And sweet variety of sound shall in thy praise con-
[spire.

V.

The dearest nerve about my heart,
Should it refuse to bear a part
With my melodious breath,
I'd tear away the vital chord,
A bloody victim to my Lord,
And live without that impious string, or shew my
zeal in death.

The Creator and Creatures.

God is a name my soul adores,
Th' almighty Three, th' Eternal One;
Nature and grace with all their pow'rs
Confess the Infinite Unknown.

2. From thy Great Self thy being ſprings;
Thou art thine own original,
Made up of uncreated things,
And ſelf-ſufficience bears them all.

3. Thy voice produc'd the ſeas and ſpheres,
Bid the waves roar and planets ſhine,
But nothing like thyſelf appears
Thro' all theſe ſpacious works of thine.

4. Still reſtleſs Nature dies and grows;
From change to change the creatures run:
Thy being no ſucceſſion knows,
And all thy vaſt deſigns are one.

5. A glance of thine runs thro' the globes,
Rules the bright world and moves their frame;
Broad ſheets of light compoſe thy robes;
Thy guards are form'd of living flame.

6. Thrones and dominions round thee fall,
And worſhip in ſubmiſſive forms;
Thy preſence ſhakes this lower ball,
This little dwelling-place of worms.

7. How ſhall affrighted mortals dare
To ſing thy glory or thy grace?
Beneath thy feet we lie ſo far,
And ſee but ſhadows of thy face.

8. Who can behold the blazing light?
Who can approach conſuming flame?
None but thy wiſdom knows thy might,
None but thy word can ſpeak thy name.

The nativity of Chriſt.

" Shepherds! rejoice, lift up your eyes,
" And ſend your fears away,
" News from the region of the ſkies,
" Salvation's born to-day.

2. " Jeſus, the God whom angels fear,
" Comes down to dwell with you;
" To-day he makes his entrance here,
" But not as monarchs do.

3. " No gold nor purple ſwaddlingbands,
" Nor royal ſhining things;
" A manger for his cradle ſtands,
" And holds the King of kings.

4. " Go, ſhepherds, where the infant lies,
" And ſee his humble throne;
" With tears of joy in all your eyes,
" Go, ſhepherds! kiſs the Son."

5. Thus Gabriel ſang, and ſtraight around
The heav'nly armies throng,
They tune their harps to lofty ſound,
And thus conclude the ſong:

6. " Glory to God that reigns above,
" Let peace ſurround the earth;
" Mortals ſhall know their Maker's love
" At their Redeemer's birth."

7. Lord! and ſhall angels have their ſongs
And men no tunes to raiſe?
O may we loſe theſe uſeleſs tongues
When they forget to praiſe!

8. Glory to God that reigns above,
That pity'd us forlorn;
We join to ſing our Maker's love,
For there's a Saviour born.

God glorious, and ſinners ſaved.

Father! how wide thy glory ſhines!
How high thy wonders riſe!
Known thro' the earth by thouſand ſigns,
By thouſand thro' the ſkies.

2. Thoſe mighty orbs proclaim thy pow'r,
Their motions ſpeak thy ſkill,
And on the wings of ev'ry hour
We read thy patience ſtill.

3. Part of thy name divinely ſtands
On all thy creatures writ,
They ſhew the labour of thine hands,
Or impreſs of thy feet.

4. But when we view thy ſtrange deſign
To ſave rebellious worms,
Where Vengeance and Compaſſion join
In their divineſt forms,

5. Our thoughts are loſt in rev'rend awe,
We love and we adore;
The firſt archangel never ſaw
So much of God before.

6. Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature gueſs
Which of the glories brighteſt ſhone,
The juſtice or the grace.

7. When ſinners broke the Father's laws
The dying Son atones:
Oh the dear myſt'ries of his croſs!
The triumph of his groans!

8. Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heav'nly plains,
Sweet cherubs learn Emanuel's name
And try their choiceſt ſtrains.

9. O may I bear ſome humble part
In that immortal ſong!
Wonder and joys ſhall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

The humble Inquiry.

A French ſonnet imitated, 1695.

Grand Dieu tes jugemens, &c.

I.

Grace rules below, and ſits enthron'd above;
How few the ſparks of wrath, how ſlow they move,
And drop and die in boundleſs ſeas of love!

II.

But me, vile wretch! ſhould pitying love embrace
Deep in its ocean, hell itſelf would blaze,
And flaſh and burn me thro' the boundleſs ſeas.

III.

Yea, Lord, my guilt to ſuch a vaſtneſs grown
Seems to confine thy choice to wrath alone,
And calls thy pow'r to vindicate thy throne.

IV.

Thine honour bids "avenge thy injur'd name;"
Thy ſlighted loves a dreadful glory claim,
While my moiſt tears might but incenſe thy flame.

V.

Should heav'n grow black, almighty thunder rore,
And vengeance blaſt me, I could plead no more,
But own thy juſtice dying, and adore.

VI.

Yet can thoſe bolts of death that cleave the flood
To reach a rebel pierce this ſacred ſhroud,
Ting'd in the vital ſtream of my Redeemer's blood.

The penitent pardoned.

HENCE from my ſoul my ſins depart,
Your fatal friendſhip now I ſee;
Long have you dwelt too near my heart,
Hence to eternal diſtance flee.

2. Ye gave my dying Lord his wound,
Yet I careſs'd your vip'rous brood,
And in my heartſtrings lapp'd you round,
You the vile murd'rers of my God.

3. Black heavy thoughts like mountains roll
O'er my poor breaſt with boding fears,
And cruſhing hard my tortur'd ſoul
Wring thro' my eyes the briny tears.

4. Forgive my treaſons Prince of Grace,
The bloody Jews were traitors too;
Yet thou haſt pray'd for that curs'd race,
"Father, they know not what they do."

5. Great Advocate! look down and ſee
A wretch whoſe ſmarting ſorrows bleed;
O plead the ſame excuſe for me!
For Lord I knew not what I did.

6. Peace, my complaints! let ev'ry groan
Be ſtill, and ſilence wait his love;
Compaſſions dwell amidſt his throne,
And thro' his inmoſt bowels move.

7. Lo! from the everlaſting ſkies,
Gently as morning dews diſtil,
The Dove immortal downward flies
With peaceful olive in his bill.

8. How ſweet the voice of pardon ſounds!
Sweet the relief to deep diſtreſs!
I feel the balm that heals my wounds,
And all my pow'rs adore the grace.

A hymn of praiſe for three great ſalvations,

viz.

1. From the Spaniſh Invaſion, 1588.
2. From the Gun-powder plot, Nov. 5. 1605.
3. From Popery and Slavery by King William of glorious memory, who landed Nov. 5. 1688.

Compoſed *Nov.* 5. 1695.

INFINITE God! thy counſels ſtand
Like mountains of eternal braſs,
Pillars to prop our ſinking land,
Or guardian rocks to break the ſeas.

2. From pole to pole thy name is known;
Thee a whole heav'n of angels praiſe;
Our lab'ring tongues would reach thy throne
With the loud triumphs of thy grace.

3. Part of thy church by thy command
Stands raiſ'd upon the Britiſh iſles,
"There," ſaid the Lord, "to ages ſtand
"Firm as the everlaſting hills."

4. In vain the Spaniſh ocean roar'd,
Its billows ſwell'd againſt our ſhore,
Its billows ſunk beneath thy word,
With all the floating war they bore.

5. "Come," ſaid the ſons of bloody Rome,
"Let us provide new arms from hell;"
And down they digg'd thro' earth's dark womb,
And ranſack'd all the burning cell.

6. Old Satan lent them fiery ſtores,
Infernal coal and ſulph'rous flame,
And all that burns and all that roars,
Outrageous fires of dreadful name.

7. Beneath the ſenate and the throne
Engines of helliſh thunder lay,
There the dark ſeeds of fire were ſown
To ſpring a bright but diſmal day.

8. Thy love beheld the black deſign,
Thy love, that guards our iſland round;
Strange! how it quench'd the fiery mine,
And cruſh'd the tempeſt under ground.

PART SECOND.

Assume, my tongue, a nobler ſtrain,
Sing the new wonders of the Lord;
The foes revive their pow'rs again,
Again they die beneath his ſword.

2. Dark as our thoughts our minutes roll,
While Tyranny poſſeſs'd the throne,
And murd'rers of an Iriſh ſoul
Ran threat'ning death thro' ev'ry town.

3. The Roman prieſt and Britiſh prince
Join'd their beſt force and blackeſt charms,
And the fierce troops of neighb'ring France
Offer'd the ſervice of their arms.

4. "'Tis done," they cry'd, and laugh'd aloud;
The courts of Darkneſs rang with joy,
Th' old Serpent hiſs'd, and Hell grew proud,
While Sion mourn'd her ruin nigh.

5. But lo! the great Deliv'rer ſails
Commiſſion'd from Jehovah's hand,
And ſmiling ſeas and wiſhing gales
Convey him to the longing land.

6. The happy day and happy year *
Both in our new ſalvation meet,
The day that quench'd the burning ſnare,
The year † that burnt th' invading fleet.

7. Now did thine arm, O God of hoſts,
Now did thine arm ſhine dazzling bright;
The ſons of Might their hands had loſt,
And men of blood forgot to fight.

8. Brigades of angels lin'd the way
And guarded William to his throne;
There ye celeſtial warriours ſtay
And make his palace like your own.

9. Then, mighty God! the earth ſhall know
And learn the worſhip of the ſky;
Angels and Britons join below
To raiſe their hallelujahs high.

10. All hallelujah, heav'nly King;
While diſtant lands thy vict'ry ſing,
And tongues their utmoſt pow'rs employ,
The world's bright roof repeats the joy.

* Nov. 5. 1688. † Nov. 5. 1588.

The Incomprehenſible.

I.

Far in the heav'ns my God retires,
My God, the mark of my deſires,
And hides his lovely face:
When he deſcends within my view
He charms my reaſon to purſue,
But leaves it tir'd and fainting in th' unequal chaſe.

II.

Or if I reach unuſual height
Till near his preſence brought,
There floods of glory check my flight,
Cramp the bold pinions of my wit,
And all untune my thought:
Plung'd in a ſea of light I roll,
Where Wiſdom, Juſtice, Mercy, ſhines;
Infinite rays in croſſing lines
Beat thick confuſion on my ſight and overwhelm my ſoul.

III.

Come to my aid ye Fellow-minds,
And help me reach the throne;
(What ſingle ſtrength in vain deſigns
United force hath done:
Thus worms may join and graſp the poles,
Thus atoms fill the ſea)
But the whole race of creature ſouls,
Stretch'd to their laſt extent of thought, plunge, and are loſt in thee.

IV.

Great God! behold my reaſon lies
Adoring, yet my love would riſe
On pinions not her own:
Faith ſhall direct her humble flight
Thro' all the trackleſs ſeas of light
To thee, th' Eternal Fair, the Infinite unknown.

Death and eternity.

My thoughts, that often mount the ſkies,
Go, ſearch the world beneath,
Where Nature all in ruin lies,
And owns her ſov'reign Death.

2. The tyrant, how he triumphs here!
His trophies ſpread around!
And heaps of duſt and bones appear
Thro' all the hollow ground.

3. Theſe ſculls, what ghaſtly figures now!
How loathſome to the eyes?
Theſe are the heads we lately knew
So beauteous and ſo wiſe.

4. But where the ſouls, thoſe deathleſs things,
That left their dying clay?
My thoughts, now ſtretch out all your wings,
And trace eternity.

5. O that unfathomable ſea!
Thoſe deeps without a ſhore!
Where living waters gently play
Or fiery billows roar.

6. Thus muſt we leave the banks of life
And try this doubtful ſea;
Vain are our groans and dying ſtrife
To gain a moment's ſtay.

7. There we ſhall ſwim in heav'nly bliſs
Or ſink in flaming waves,
While the pale carcaſs thoughtleſs lies
Amongſt the ſilent graves.

8. Some hearty friend ſhall drop his tear
On our dry bones, and ſay,
"Theſe once were ſtrong as mine appear,
"And mine muſt be as they."

9. Thus ſhall our mould'ring members teach
What now our ſenſes learn;
For duſt and aſhes loudeſt preach
Man's infinite concern.

A ſight of heaven in ſickneſs.

Oft' have I ſat in ſecret ſighs
To feel my fleſh decay,
Then groan'd aloud with frighted eyes
To view the tott'ring clay.

2. But I forbid my ſorrows now,
Nor dares the fleſh complain;
Diſeaſes bring their profit too;
The joy o'ercomes the pain.

3. My cheerful ſoul now all the day
Sits waiting here and ſings,
Looks thro' the ruins of her clay,
And practiſes her wings.

4. Faith almoſt changes into ſight,
While from afar ſhe ſpies
Her fair inheritance, in light
Above created ſkies.

5. Had but the priſon walls been ſtrong,
And firm without a flaw,
In darkneſs ſhe had dwelt too long,
And leſs of glory ſaw.

6. But now the everlaſting hills
Thro' ev'ry chink appear,
And ſomething of the joy ſhe feels
While ſhe's a pris'ner here.

7. The ſhines of heav'n ruſh ſweetly in
At all the gaping flaws;
Viſions of endleſs bliſs are ſeen,
And native air ſhe draws.

8. O may theſe walls ſtand tott'ring ſtill,
The breaches never cloſe,
If I muſt here in darkneſs dwell,
And all this glory loſe!

9. Or rather let this fleſh decay,
The ruins wider grow,
Till glad to ſee th' enlarged way
I ſtretch my pinions thro'.

The univerſal hallelujah.

Pſalm cxlviii. paraphraſed.

PRAISE ye the Lord with joyful tongue
Ye pow'rs that guard his throne;
Jeſus the man ſhall lead the ſong,
The God inſpire the tune.

2. Gabrel, and all th' immortal choir
That fill the realms above,
Sing, for he form'd you of his fire,
And feeds you with his love.

3. Shine to his praiſe ye cryſtal ſkies,
The floor of his abode,
Or vail your little twinkling eyes
Before a brighter God.

4. Thou reſtleſs globe of golden light
Whoſe beams create our days,
Join with the ſilver queen of Night
To own your borrow'd rays.

5. Bluſh and refund the honours paid
To your inferior flames;
Tell the blind world your orbs are fed
By his o'erflowing flames.

6. Winds, ye ſhall bear his name aloud
Thro' the ethereal blue,
For when his chariot is a cloud
He makes his wheels of you.

7. Thunder and hail, and fires and ſtorms,
The troops of his command,
Appear in all your dreadful forms,
And ſpeak his awful hand.

8. Shout to the Lord ye ſurging ſeas
In your eternal roar;
Let wave to wave reſound his praiſe,
And ſhore reply to ſhore;

9. While monſters ſporting on the flood
In ſcaly ſilver ſhine,
Speak terribly their maker God,
And laſh the foaming brine.

10. But gentler things ſhall tune his name
To ſofter notes than theſe,
Young Zephirs breathing o'er the ſtream,
Or whiſp'ring thro' the trees.

11. Wave your tall heads ye lofty pines
To him that bid you grow,
Sweet cluſters bend the fruitful vines
On ev'ry thankful bough.

12. Let the ſhrill birds his honour raiſe,
And climb the morning ſky,
While grov'ling beaſts attempt his praiſe
In hoarſer harmony.

13. Thus while the meaner creatures ſing
Ye mortals take the ſound,
Echo the glories of your King
Thro' all the nations round.

14. Th' Eternal Name muſt fly abroad
From Britain to Japan,
And the whole race ſhall bow to God
That owns the name of man.

The Atheiſt's miſtake.

Laugh, ye profane, and ſwell, and burſt,
With bold impiety,
Yet ſhall ye live for ever curs'd,
And ſeek in vain to die.

2. The gaſp of your expiring breath
Conſigns your ſouls to chains,
By the laſt agonies of death
Sent down to fiercer pains.

3. Ye ſtand upon a dreadful ſteep,
And all beneath is hell;
Your weighty guilt will ſink you deep
Where the old Serpent fell.

4. When iron ſlumbers bind your fleſh,
With ſtrange ſurpriſe you'll find
Immortal vigour ſpring afreſh
And tortures wake the mind!

5. Then you'll confeſs the frightful names
Of plagues you ſcorn'd before
No more ſhall look like idle dreams,
Like fooliſh tales no more.

6. Then ſhall ye curſe that fatal day
(With flames upon your tongues)
When you exchang'd your ſouls away
For vanity and ſongs.

7. Behold the ſaints rejoice to die,
For heav'n ſhines round their heads,
And angel guards prepar'd to fly
Attend their fainting beds.

8. Their longing ſpirits part and riſe
To their celeſtial ſeat;
Above theſe ruinable ſkies
They make their laſt retreat.

9. Hence ye Profane! I hate your ways,
I walk with pious ſouls;
There 's a wide diff'rence in our race,
And diſtant are our goals.

The law given at Sinai.

I.

Arm thee with thunder, heav'nly Muſe,
And keep th' expecting world in awe,
Oft' haſt thou ſung in gentler mood
The melting mercies of thy God,
Now give thy fierceſt fires a looſe,
And ſound his dreadful law:
To Iſrael firſt the words were ſpoke,
To Iſrael freed from Egypt's yoke,

Inhuman bondage! the hard galling load
Overpreſs'd their feeble ſouls,
Bent their knees to ſenſeleſs bulls,
And broke their ties to God.

II.

Now had they paſs'd th' Arabian Bay,
And march'd between the cleaving ſea,
The riſing waves ſtood guardians of their wondrous way,
But fell with moſt impetuous force
On the purſuing ſwarms,
And bury'd Egypt all in arms,
Blending in wat'ry death the rider and the horſe:
O'er ſtruggling Pharaoh roll'd the mighty tide,
And ſav'd the labours of a pyramid:
Apis and Orus in vain he cries,
And all his horned gods beſide,
He ſwallows fate with ſwimming eyes,
And curs'd the Hebrews as he dy'd.

III.

Ah, fooliſh Iſrael! to comply
With Memphian idolatry,
And bow to brutes, (a ſtupid ſlave)
To idols impotent to ſave!
Behold thy God, the Sov'reign of the ſky,
Has wrought ſalvation in the deep,
Has bound thy foes in iron ſleep,
And rais'd thine honours high!
His grace forgives thy follies paſt;

Behold he comes in majesty,
And Sinai's top proclaims his law;
Prepare to meet thy God in haste,
But keep an awful distance still;
Let Moses round the sacred hill
The circling limits draw.

IV.

Hark! the shrill echoes of the trumpet roar,
And call the trembling armies near;
Slow and unwilling they appear;
Rails kept them from the mount before,
Now from the rails their fear:
'Twas the same hearld, and the trump the same,
Which shall be blown by high command,
Shall bid the wheels of Nature stand,
And Heav'n's eternal will proclaim,
That "Time shall be no more."

V.

Thus, while the lab'ring angel swell'd the sound,
And rent the skies and shook the ground,
Up rose th' Almighty; round his sapphire seat
Adoring thrones in order fell;
The lesser pow'rs at distance dwell,
And cast their glories down successive at his feet:
Gabriel the great prepares his way,
"Lift up your heads eternal doors," he cries;
Th' eternal doors his word obey,
Open and shoot eternal day
Upon the lower skies;

Heav'n's mighty pillars bow'd their head
As their Creator bid,
And down Jehovah rode from the superiour sphere,
A thousand guards before and myriads in the rear.

VI.

His chariot was a pitchy cloud,
The wheels beset with burning gems,
The winds in harness with the flames
Flew o'er th' ethereal road:
Down thro' his magazines he past
Of hail and ice, and fleecy snow,
Swift roll'd the triumph, and as fast
Did hail and ice in melted rivers flow.
The day was mingled with the night,
His feet on solid darkness trod,
His radiant eyes proclaim'd the God,
And scatter'd dreadful light;
He breath'd, and sulphur ran a fiery stream;
He spoke, and (tho' with unknown speed he came)
Chid the slow tempest and the lagging flame.

VII.

Sinai receiv'd his glorious flight;
With axle red and glowing wheel
Did the wing'd chariot light,
And rising smoke obscur'd the burning hill;
Lo, it mounts in curling waves,
Lo, the gloomy pride outbraves

The ſtately pyramids of fire;
The pyramids to heav'n aſpire [higher!
And mix with ſtars, but ſee their gloomy offspring
So have you ſeen ungrateful ivy grow
Round the tall oak that ſix ſcore years has ſtood,
And proudly ſhoot a leaf or two
Above its kind ſupporter's utmoſt bough,
And glory there to ſtand the loftieſt of the wood.

VIII.

Forbear, young Muſe, forbear;
The flow'ry things that poets ſay,
The little arts of ſimile,
Are vain and uſeleſs here;
Nor ſhall the burning hills of old
With Sinai be compar'd,
Nor all that lying Greece has told
Or learned Rome has heard:
Ætna ſhall be nam'd no more,
Ætna, the torch of Sicily;
Not half ſo high
Her lightnings fly,
Not half ſo loud her thunders roar
Croſs the Sicanian ſea to fright th' Italian ſhore.
Behold the ſacred hill, its trembling ſpire
Quakes at the terrours of the fire,
While all below its verdant feet
Stagger and reel under th' almighty weight:

Preſs'd with a greater than feign'd Atlas' load
Deep groan'd the mount; it never bore
Infinity before;
It bow'd and ſhook beneath the burden of a God.

IX.

Freſh horrours ſeize the camp, deſpair
And dying groans torment the air,
And ſhrieks, and ſwoons, and deaths, were there;
The bellowing thunder and the lightning's blaze
Spread thro' the hoſt a wild amaze,
Darkneſs on ev'ry ſoul, and pale was ev'ry face:
Confus'd and diſmal were the cries
"Let Moſes ſpeak or Iſra'l dies:"
Moſes the ſpreading terrour feels,
No more the man of God conceals
His ſhiv'ring and ſurpriſe;
Yet with recov'ring mind commands
Silence and deep attention thro' the Hebrew bands.

X.

Hark! from the centre of the flame,
All arm'd and feather'd with the ſame,
Majeſtick ſounds break thro' the ſmoky cloud:
Sent from the allcreating tongue
A flight of cherubs guard the words along,
And bear their fiery law to the retreating crowd.

XI.

"I am the Lord; 'tis I proclaim
"That glorious and that fearful name,

" Thy God and King; 'twas I that broke
" Thy bondage and th' Egyptian yoke;
" Mine is the right to speak my will,
" And thine the duty to fulfil.
" Adore no god beside me to provoke mine eyes,
" Nor worship me in shapes and forms that men devise;
" With rev'rence use my name, nor turn my words [to jest;
" Observe my Sabbath well, nor dare profane my rest;
" Honour and due obedience to thy parents give;
" Nor spill the guiltless blood, nor let the guilty live;
" Preserve thy body chaste, and fly th' unlawful bed;
" Nor steal thy neighbour's gold, his garment, or his bread;
" Forbear to blast his name with falsehood or deceit;
" Nor let thy wishes lodge upon his large estate."

Remember your Creator, &c. Eccles. xii.

Children, to your Creator God
Your early honours pay;
While vanity and youthful blood
Would tempt your thoughts astray.

2. The mem'ry of his mighty name
Demands your first regard,
Nor dare indulge a meaner flame
Till you have lov'd the Lord.

3. Be wiſe, and make his favour ſure
Before the mournful days
When youth and mirth are known no more
And life and ſtrength decays.

4. No more the bleſſings of a feaſt
Shall reliſh on the tongue,
The heavy ear forgets the taſte
And pleaſure of a ſong.

5. Old Age with all her diſmal train
Invades your golden years,
With ſighs, and groans, and raging pain,
And death, that never ſpares.

6. What will you do when light departs
And leaves your with'ring eyes
Without one beam to cheer your hearts
From the ſuperiour ſkies?

7. How will you meet God's frowning brow,
Or ſtand before his ſeat,
While Nature's old ſupporters bow,
Nor bear their tott'ring weight?

8. Can you expect your feeble arms
Shall make a ſtrong defence,
When death with terrible alarms
Summons the pris'ner hence?

9. The ſilver bands of Nature burſt
And let the building fall,
The fleſh goes down to mix with duſt,
Its vile original.

10. Laden with guilt, (a heavy load)
Uncleans'd and unforgiv'n,
The ſoul returns t' an angry God
To be ſhut out from heav'n.

Sun, moon, and ſtars, praiſe ye the Lord.

FAIREST of all the lights above,
Thou ſun, whoſe beams adorn the ſpheres,
And with unweary'd ſwiftneſs move
To form the circles of our years;
2. Praiſe the Creator of the ſkies
That dreſs'd thine orb in golden rays,
Or may the ſun forget to riſe
If he forget his Maker's praiſe.
3. Thou reigning beauty of the night,
Fair queen of Silence, ſilver Moon,
Whoſe gentle beams and borrow'd light
Are ſofter rivals of the noon;
4. Ariſe, and to that ſov'reign Pow'r
Waxing and waning honours pay,
Who bid thee rule the duſky hour
And half ſupply the abſent day.
5. Ye twinkling ſtars who gild the ſkies
When darkneſs has its curtains drawn,
Who keep your watch with wakeful eyes
When bus'neſs, cares, and day, are gone

6. Proclaim the glories of your Lord
Diſpers'd thro' all the heav'nly ſtreet,
Whoſe boundleſs treaſures can afford
So rich a pavement for his feet.

7. Thou heav'n of heav'ns, ſupremely bright,
Fair palace of the court divine,
Where with inimitable light
The Godhead condeſcends to ſhine;

8. Praiſe thou thy great Inhabitant,
Who ſcatters lovely beams of grace
On ev'ry angel ev'ry ſaint,
Nor vails the luſtre of his face.

9. O God of glory, God of love,
Thou art the ſun that makes our days:
With all thy ſhining works above
Let earth and duſt attempt thy praiſe.

The welcome meſſenger.

Lord! when we ſee a ſaint of thine
Lie gaſping out his breath
With longing eyes and looks divine,
Smiling and pleas'd in death;

2. How we could e'en contend to lay
Our limbs upon that bed!
We aſk thine envoy to convey
Our ſpirits in his ſtead.

3. Our ſouls are riſing on the wing
To venture in his place,
For when grim Death has loſt his ſting
He has an angel's face.

4. Jeſus! then purge my crimes away;
'Tis guilt creates my fears,
'Tis guilt gives death its fierce array,
And all the arms it bears.

5. Oh! if my threat'ning ſins were gone,
And death had loſt his ſting,
I could invite the angel on
And chide his lazy wing.

6. Away theſe interpoſing days,
And let the lovers meet;
The angel has a cold embrace,
But kind, and ſoft, and ſweet.

7. I'd leap at once my ſeventy years,
I'd ruſh into his arms,
And loſe my breath and all my cares
Amidſt thoſe heav'nly charms.

8. Joyful I'd lay this body down,
And leave the lifeleſs clay
Without a ſigh, without a groan,
And ſtretch and ſoar away.

Sincere praiſe.

ALMIGHTY Maker, God!
How wondrous is thy name!
Thy glories how diffus'd abroad
Thro' the creation's frame!

2. Nature in ev'ry dreſs
Her humble homage pays,
And finds a thouſand ways t' expreſs
Thine undiſſembled praiſe.

3. In native white and red
The roſe and lily ſtand,
And free from pride their beauties ſpread
To ſhew thy ſkilful hand.

4. The lark mounts up the ſky
With unambitious ſong,
And bears her Maker's praiſe on high
Upon her artleſs tongue.

5. My ſoul would riſe and ſing
To her Creator too;
Fain would my tongue adore my King
And pay the worſhip due:

6. But pride, that buſy ſin,
Spoils all that I perform;
Curs'd pride! that creeps ſecurely in
And ſwells a haughty worm.

7. Thy glories I abate,
Or praiſe thee with deſign;
Some of the favours I forget,
Or think the merit mine.

8. The very ſongs I frame
Are faithleſs to thy cauſe,
And ſteal the honours of thy name
To build their own applauſe.

9. Create my ſoul anew,
Elſe all my worſhip 's vain:
This wretched heart will ne'er be true
Until 't is form'd again.

10. Deſcend celeſtial fire,
And ſeize me from above;
Melt me in flames of pure deſire,
A ſacrifice to love.

11. Let joy and worſhip ſpend
The remnant of my days,
And to my God my ſoul aſcend
In ſweet perfumes of praiſe.

True learning.

Partly imitated from a French Sonnet of Mr. Poiret.

I.

Happy the feet that ſhining Truth has led
With her own hand to tread the path ſhe pleaſe,
To ſee her native luſtre ſpread
Without a vail without a ſhade,
All beauty and all light, as in herſelf ſhe is.

II.

Our ſenſes cheat us with the preſſing crowds
Of painted ſhapes they thruſt upon the mind:
The truth they ſhew lies wrapt in ſev'nfold ſhrouds;
Our ſenſes caſt a thouſand clouds
On unenlighten'd ſouls, and leave them doubly [blind.

III.

I hate the duſt that fierce diſputers raiſe,
And loſe the mind in a wild maze of thought:

What empty triflings and what ſubtile ways
To fence and guard by rule and rote!
Our God will never charge us that we knew them
[not.

IV.

Touch, heav'nly Word, O touch theſe curious ſouls;
Since I have heard but one ſoft hint from thee,
From all the vain opinions of the ſchools
(That pageantry of knowing fools)
I feel my pow'rs releas'd, and ſtand divinely free.

V.

'Twas this almighty Word that all things made;
He graſps whole nature in his ſingle hand;
All the eternal truths in him are laid,
The ground of all things and their head,
The circle where they move and centre where they
ſtand.

VI.

Without his aid I have no ſure defence
From troops of errours that beſiege me round:
But he that reſts his reaſon and his ſenſe
Faſt here, and never wanders hence,
Unmoveable he dwells upon unſhaken ground.

VII.

Infinite Truth, the life of my deſires,
Come from the ſky and join thyſelf to me;
I'm tir'd with hearing, and this reading tires,
But never tir'd of telling thee
'Tis thy fair face alone my ſpirit burns to ſee.

VIII.

Speak to my ſoul alone; no other hand
Shall mark my path out with deluſive art:
All Nature ſilent in his preſence ſtand,
Creatures be dumb at his command,
And leave his ſingle voice to whiſper to my heart.

IX.

Retire, my ſoul, within thyſelf retire,
Away from ſenſe and ev'ry outward ſhow;
Now let my thoughts to loftier themes aſpire,
My knowledge now on wheels of fire
May mount and ſpread above, ſurveying all below.

X.

The Lord grows laviſh of his heav'nly light,
And pours whole floods on ſuch a mind as this;
Fled from the eyes ſhe gains a piercing ſight,
She dives into the Infinite,
And ſees unutterable things in that unknown abyſs.

True wiſdom.

I.

PRONOUNCE him bleſs'd, my Muſe, whom Wiſdom guides
In her own path to her own heav'nly ſeat;
Thro' all the ſtorms his ſoul ſecurely glides,
Nor can the tempeſts nor the tides
That riſe and roar around ſupplant his ſteady feet.

II.

Earth, you may let your golden arrows fly,
And ſeek in vain a paſſage to his breaſt,
Spread all your painted toys to court his eye,
He ſmiles, and ſees them vainly try
To lure his ſoul aſide from her eternal reſt.

III.

Our headſtrong luſts, like a young fiery horſe,
Start and fly raging in a violent courſe;
He tames and breaks them, manages and rides 'em,
Checks their career, and turns and guides 'em,
And bids his reaſon bridle their licentious force.

IV.

Lord of himſelf he rules his wildeſt thoughts,
And boldly acts what calmly he deſign'd,
Whilſt he looks down and pities human faults;
Nor can he think nor can he find
A plague like reigning paſſions and a ſubject mind.

V.

But oh! 'tis mighty toil to reach this height;
To vanquiſh ſelf is a laborious art;
What manly courage to ſuſtain the fight,
To bear the noble pain, and part
With thoſe dear charming tempters rooted in the heart!

VI.

'Tis hard to ſtand when all the paſſions move,
Hard to awake the eye that paſſion blinds,
To rend and tear out this unhappy love

That clings ſo cloſe about our minds,
And where th' enchanted ſoul ſo ſweet a poiſon finds.

VII.

Hard, but it may be done. Come, heav'nly fire,
Come to my breaſt, and with one pow'rful ray
Melt off my luſts, my fetters: I can bear
A while to be a tenant here,
But not be chain'd and priſon'd in a cage of clay.

VIII.

Heav'n is my home, and I muſt uſe my wings;
Sublime above the globe my flight aſpires:
I have a ſoul was made to pity kings,
And all their little glitt'ring things;
I have a ſoul was made for infinite deſires.

IX.

Looſ'd from the earth my heart is upward flown;
Farewell my friends, and all that once was mine;
Now ſhould you fix my feet on Cæſar's throne,
Crown me and call the world my own, [confine.
The gold that binds my brows could ne'er my ſoul

X.

I am the Lord's, and Jeſus is my love;
He, the dear God, ſhall fill my vaſt deſire.
My fleſh below, yet I can dwell above,
And nearer to my Saviour move;
There all my ſoul ſhall centre all my pow'rs conſpire.

XI.

Thus I with angels live; thus half divine
I ſit on high, nor mind inferiour joys:

Fill'd with his love I feel that God is mine;
His glory is my great deſign;
That everlaſting project all my thoughts employs.

A ſong to creating Wiſdom.

PART FIRST.

Eternal Wiſdom! thee we praiſe,
Thee the creation ſings;
With thy loud name rocks, hills, and ſeas,
And heav'n's high palace, rings.

2. Place me on the bright wings of day
To travel with the ſun,
With what amaze ſhall I ſurvey
The wonders thou haſt done?

3. Thy hand how wide it ſpread the ſky!
How glorious to behold!
Ting'd with a blue of heav'nly dye,
And ſtarr'd with ſparkling gold!

4. There thou haſt bid the globes of light
Their endleſs circles run,
There the pale planet rules the night,
And day obeys the ſun.

PART SECOND.

5. Downward I turn my wond'ring eyes
On clouds and ſtorms below,
Thoſe under regions of the ſkies
Thy num'rous glories ſhow.

6. The noiſy winds ſtand ready there
Thy orders to obey,
With ſounding wings they ſweep the air
To make thy chariot way.

7. There like a trumpet loud and ſtrong
Thy thunder ſhakes our coaſt,
While the red lightnings wave along,
The banners of thine hoſt.

8. On the thin air without a prop
Hang fruitful ſhow'rs around,
At thy command they ſink and drop
Their fatneſs on the ground.

PART THIRD.

9. Now to the earth I bend my ſong
And caſt my eyes abroad,
Glancing the Britiſh iſles along;
Bleſs'd iſles! confeſs your God.

10. How did his wondrous ſkill array
Your fields in charming green,
A thouſand herbs his art diſplay
A thouſand flow'rs between!

11. Tall oaks for future navies grow,
Fair Albion's beſt defence,
While corn and vines rejoice below,
Thoſe luxuries of ſenſe.

12. The bleating flocks his paſture feeds,
And herds of larger ſize
That bellow thro' the Lindian meads
His bounteous hand ſupplies.

PART FOURTH.

13. We ſee the Thames careſs the ſhores,
He guides her ſilver flood;
While angry Severn ſwells and roars,
Yet hears her ruler God.

14. The rolling mountains of the deep
Obſerve his ſtrong command;
His breath can raiſe the billows ſteep,
Or ſink them to the ſand.

15. Amidſt thy wat'ry kingdoms Lord
The finny nations play,
And ſcaly monſters at thy word
Ruſh thro' the Northern ſea.

PART FIFTH.

16. Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And ſtrike the gazing ſight
Thro' ſkies, and ſeas, and ſolid ground,
With terrour and delight.

17. Infinite ſtrength and equal ſkill
Shine thro' the worlds abroad,
Our ſouls with vaſt amazement fill,
And ſpeak the builder God.

18. But the ſweet beauties of thy grace
Our ſofter paſſions move;
Pity divine in Jeſus' face
We ſee, adore, and love.

God's absolute dominion.

I.

Lord! when my thoughtful soul surveys
Fire, air, and earth, and ſtars, and ſeas,
I call them all thy ſlaves.
Commiſſion'd by my Father's will
Poiſons ſhall cure or balms ſhall kill;
Vernal ſuns or Zephir's breath
May burn or blaſt the plants to death
That ſharp December ſaves.
What can winds or planets boaſt
But a precarious pow'r?
The ſun is all in darkneſs loſt,
Froſt ſhall be fire and fire be froſt
When he appoints the hour.

II.

Lo the Norwegians near the polar ſky
Chafe their frozen limbs with ſnow,
Their frozen limbs awake and glow,
The vital flame, touch'd with a ſtrange ſupply,
Rekindles, for the God of life is nigh,
He bids the vital flood in wonted circles flow.
Cold ſteel expos'd to northern air
Drinks the meridian fury of the midnight Bear,
And burns th' unwary ſtranger there.

III.

Inquire, my ſoul, of ancient fame,
Look back two thouſand years, and ſee
Th' Aſſyrian prince transform'd a brute
For boaſting to be abſolute:
Once to his court the God of Iſrael came,
A King more abſolute than he.
I ſee the furnace blaze with rage
Sev'nfold; I ſee amidſt the flame
Three Hebrews of immortal name;
They move, they walk acroſs the burning ſtage,
Unhurt and fearleſs, while the tyrant ſtood
A ſtatue; fear congeal'd his blood;
Nor did the raging element dare
Attempt their garments or their hair;
It knew the Lord of Nature there.
Nature compell'd by a ſuperiour cauſe
Now breaks her own eternal laws,
Now ſeems to break them, and obeys
Her ſov'reign King in diff'rent ways.
Father! how bright thy glories ſhine!
How broad thy kingdom, how divine!
Nature, and Miracle, and Fate, and Chance, are thine.

IV.

Hence from my heart ye idols fly,
Ye ſounding names of vanity!
No more my lips ſhall ſacrifice
To Chance and Nature tales and lies:
Creatures without a God can yield me no ſupplies.

What is the sun or what the shade,
Or frosts or flames, to kill or save?
His favour is my life, his lips pronounce me dead,
And as his awful dictates bid
Earth is my mother or my grave.

Condescending grace.

In imitation of the cxivth Psalm.

When the Eternal bows the skies
To visit earthly things,
With scorn divine he turns his eyes
From tow'rs of haughty kings;
2. Rides on a cloud disdainful by
A Sultan or a Czar,
Laughs at the worms that rise so high
Or frowns 'em from afar:
3. He bids his awful chariot roll
Far downward from the skies
To visit ev'ry humble soul
With pleasure in his eyes.
4. Why should the Lord that reigns above
Disdain so lofty kings?
Say, Lord, and why such looks of love
Upon such worthless things?
5. Mortals, be dumb; what creature dares
Dispute his awful will?
Ask no account of his affairs,
But tremble and be still.

6. Juſt like his nature is his grace,
All ſov'reign and all free;
Great God! how ſearchleſs are thy ways!
How deep thy judgments be!

The Infinite.

Some ſeraph lend your heav'nly tongue
Or harp of golden ſtring,
That I may raiſe a lofty ſong
To our Eternal King.

2. Thy names how infinite they be!
Great Everlaſting One!
Boundleſs thy might and majeſty,
And unconfin'd thy throne.

3. Thy glories ſhine of wondrous ſize,
And wondrous large thy grace;
Immortal day breaks from thine eyes,
And Gabriel veils his face.

4. Thine eſſence is a vaſt abyſs,
Which angels cannot ſound,
An ocean of infinities
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.

5. The myſt'ries of creation lie
Beneath enlighten'd minds;
Thoughts can aſcend above the ſky
And fly before the winds.

6. Reaſon may graſp the maſſy hills
And ſtretch from pole to pole,
But half thy name our ſpirit fills
And overloads our ſoul.
7. In vain our haughty reaſon ſwells,
For nothing's found in thee
But boundleſs inconceivables
And vaſt eternity.

Confeſſion and pardon.

Alas, my aking heart!
Here the keen torment lies;
It racks my waking hours with ſmart
And frights my ſlumb'ring eyes.
2. Guilt will be hid no more;
My griefs take vent apace;
The crimes that blot my conſcience o'er
Fluſh crimſon in my face.
3. My ſorrows, like a flood
Impatient of reſtraint,
Into thy boſom O my God
Pour out a long complaint.
4. This impious heart of mine
Could once defy the Lord,
Could ruſh with violence on to ſin
In preſence of thy ſword.

5. How often have I stood,
A rebel to the skies,
The calls the tenders of a God,
And Mercy's loudest cries!

6. He offers all his grace
And all his heav'n to me;
Offers! but 'tis to senseless brass
That cannot feel nor see.

7. Jesus the Saviour stands
To court me from above,
And looks and spreads his wounded hands
And shows the prints of love.

8. But I, a stupid fool,
How long have I withstood
The blessings purchas'd with his soul
And paid for all in blood?

9. The heav'nly Dove came down
And tender'd me his wings,
To mount me upward to a crown
And bright immortal things.

10. Lord! I'm asham'd to say
That I refus'd thy Dove,
And sent thy Spirit griev'd away
To his own realms of Love.

11. Not all thine heav'nly charms,
Nor terrours of thy hand,
Could force me to lay down my arms
And bow to thy command.

12. Lord! 't is againſt thy face
My ſins like arrows riſe,
And yet, and yet, (O matchleſs grace!)
Thy thunder ſilent lies.

13. O ſhall I never feel
The meltings of thy love?
Am I of ſuch hellharden'd ſteel
That mercy cannot move?

14. Now for one pow'rful glance
Dear Saviour from thy face!
This rebel-heart no more withſtands,
But ſinks beneath thy grace.

15. O'ercome by dying love I fall,
Here at thy croſs I lie,
And throw my fleſh, my ſoul, my all,
And weep, and love, and die.

16. "Riſe," ſays the Prince of mercy, riſe,
With joy and pity in his eyes;
"Riſe, and behold my wounded veins,
"Here flows the blood to waſh thy ſtains.

17. "See, my great Father reconcil'd:"
He ſaid; and lo! the Father ſmil'd:
The joyful cherubs clapp'd their wings,
And ſounded grace on all their ſtrings.

Young men and maidens, old men and babes, praiſe ye the Lord, Pſal. cxlviii. 12.

I.

Sons of Adam, bold and young,
In the wild mazes of whoſe veins
A flood of fiery vigour reigns,
And wields your active limbs with hardy ſinews ſtrung,
Fall proſtrate at th' Eternal throne,
Whence your precarious pow'rs depend,
Nor ſwell as if your lives were all your own,
But chuſe your Maker for your friend:
His favour is your life, his arm is your ſupport,
His hand can ſtretch your days or cut your minutes ſhort.

II.

Virgins, who roll your artful eyes
And ſhoot delicious danger thence,
Swift the lovely lightning flies
And melts our reaſon down to ſenſe:
Boaſt not of thoſe with'ring charms
That muſt yield their youthful grace
To age and wrinkles, earth and worms,
But love the Author of your ſmiling face;
That heav'nly Bridegroom claims your blooming hours:
O make it your perpetual care
To pleaſe that everlaſting Fair;
His beauties are the ſun, and but the ſhade is your's.

III.

Infants, whoſe diff'rent deſtinies
Are wove with threads of diff'rent ſize,
But from the ſame ſpringtide of tears
Commence your hopes, and joys, and fears,
(A tedious train!) and date your following years;
Break your firſt ſilence in his praiſe
Who wrought your wondrous frame;
With ſounds of tend'reſt accent raiſe
Young honours to his name,
And conſecrate your early days
To know the Pow'r Supreme.

IV.

Ye heads of venerable age,
Juſt marching off the mortal ſtage,
Fathers whoſe vital threads are ſpun
As long as e'er the glaſs of Life would run,
Adore the hand that led your way,
Thro' flow'ry fields a fair long ſummer's day;
Gaſp out your ſoul in praiſes to the Sov'reign Pow'r
That ſet your weſt ſo diſtant from your dawning hour.

Flying fowl and creeping things, praiſe ye the Lord.

Pſal. cxlviii. 10.

I.

Sweet flocks, whoſe ſoft enamell'd wing
Swift and gently cleaves the ſky,
Whoſe charming notes addreſs the ſpring
With an artleſs harmony;

Lovely minſtrels of the field,
Who in leafy ſhadows ſit,
And your wondrous ſtructures build,
Awake your tuneful voices with the dawning light;
To Nature's God your firſt devotions pay
Ere you ſalute the riſing day;
'Tis he calls up the ſun and gives him ev'ry ray.

II.

Serpents, who o'er the meadows ſlide,
And wear upon your ſhining back
Numerous ranks of gaudy pride,
Which thouſand mingling colours make;
Let the fierce glances of your eyes
Rebate their baleful fire;
In harmleſs play twiſt and unfold
The volumes of your ſcaly fold;
That rich embroid'ry of your gay attire
Proclaims your Maker kind and wiſe.

III.

Inſects and mites of mean degree
That ſwarm in myriads o'er the land,
Moulded by Wiſdom's artful hand,
And curl'd and painted with a various dye,
In your innumerable forms
Praiſe him that wears th' ethereal crown,
And bends his lofty counſels down
To deſpicable worms.

The compariſon and complaint.

INFINITE Pow'r, Eternal Lord,
How ſov'reign is thy hand!
All Nature roſe t' obey thy word,
And moves at thy command.
2. With ſteady courſe thy ſhining ſun
Keeps his appointed way,
And all the hours obedient run
The circle of the day.
3. But ah! how wide my ſpirit flies
And wanders from her God!
My ſoul forgets the heav'nly prize
And treads the downward road.
4. The raging fire and ſtormy ſea
Perform thine awful will,
And ev'ry beaſt and ev'ry tree
Thy great deſigns fulfil;
5. While my wild paſſions rage within
Nor thy commands obey,
And fleſh and ſenſe enſlav'd to ſin
Draw my beſt thoughts away.
6. Shall creatures of a meaner frame
Pay all their dues to thee,
Creatures that never knew thy name,
That never lov'd like me?

7. Great God! create my soul anew,
Conform my heart to thine,
Melt down my will, and let it flow
And take the mould divine.

8. Seize my whole frame into thy hand;
Here all my pow'rs I bring,
Manage the wheels by thy command,
And govern ev'ry spring.

9. Then shall my feet no more depart
Nor wand'ring senses rove;
Devotion shall be all my heart,
And all my passions love.

10. Then not the sun shall more than I
His Maker's law perform,
Nor travel swifter thro' the sky
Nor with a zeal so warm.

God supreme and self-sufficient.

WHAT is our God or what his name,
Nor men can learn nor angels teach;
He dwells conceal'd in radiant flame
Where neither eyes nor thoughts can reach.

2. The spacious worlds of heav'nly light
Compar'd with him how short they fall?
They are too dark and he too bright,
Nothing are they, and God is all.

3. He ſpoke the wondrous word, and lo,
Creation roſe at his command!
Whirlwinds and ſeas their limits know,
Bound in the hollow of his hand.

4. There reſts the earth, there roll the ſpheres,
There Nature leans and feels her prop.
But his own ſelf-ſufficience bears
The weight of his own glories up.

5. The tide of creatures ebbs and flows,
Meas'ring their changes by the moon;
No ebb his ſea of glory knows,
His age is one eternal noon.

6. Then fly, my ſong! an endleſs round;
The lofty tune let Michael raiſe;
All Nature dwell upon the ſound,
But we can ne'er fulfil the praiſe.

Jeſus the only Saviour.

ADAM, our father and our head,
Tranſgreſs'd, and Juſtice doom'd us dead:
The fiery law ſpeaks all deſpair;
There 's no reprieve nor pardon there.

2. Call a bright council in the ſkies.
"Seraphs, the mighty and the wiſe,
"Say, what expedient can you give
"That ſin be damn'd and ſinners live?

3. "Speak, are you ſtrong to bear the load,
"The weighty vengeance of a God?
"Which of you loves our wretched race,
"Or dares to venture in our place?"

4. In vain we aſk, for all around
Stands ſilence thro' the heav'nly ground;
There's not a glorious mind above
Has half the ſtrength or half the love.

5. But O unutterable grace!
Th' Eternal Son takes Adam's place;
Down to our world the Saviour flies,
Stretches his naked arms and dies.

6. Juſtice was pleas'd to bruiſe the God,
And pay its wrongs with heav'nly blood;
What unknown racks and pangs he bore!
Then roſe; the law could aſk no more.

7. Amazing work! look down ye ſkies!
Wonder and gaze with all your eyes;
Ye heav'nly thrones! ſtoop from above,
And bow to this myſterious love.

8. See how they bend! ſee how they look!
Long they had read th' eternal book,
And ſtudy'd dark decrees in vain;
The croſs and Calv'ry makes them plain.

9. Now they are ſtruck with deep amaze;
Each with his wings conceals his face;
Now clap their ſounding plumes and cry,
"The wiſdom of a Deity!"

10. Low they adore th' incarnate Son,
And ſing the glories he hath won;
Sing how he broke our iron chains,
How deep he ſunk, how high he reigns.
11. Triumph and reign victorious Lord,
By all thy flaming hoſts ador'd,
And ſay, dear Conq'ror! ſay, how long
Ere we ſhall riſe to join their ſong.
12. Lo! from afar the promis'd day
Shines with a well-diſtinguiſh'd ray!
But my wing'd paſſion hardly bears
Theſe lengths of ſlow delaying years.
13. Send down a chariot from above
With fiery wheels and pav'd with love;
Raiſe me beyond th' ethereal blue
To ſing and love as angels do.

Looking upward.

The heav'ns invite mine eye,
The ſtars ſalute me round,
Father, I bluſh, I mourn, to lie
Thus grov'ling on the ground.
2. My warmer ſpirits move,
And make attempts to fly,
I wiſh aloud for wings of love
To raiſe me ſwift and high,

3. Beyond thoſe cryſtal vaults
And all their ſparkling balls,
They 're but the porches to thy courts
And paintings on thy walls.

4. Vain world! farewell to you,
Heav'n is my native air;
I bid my friends a ſhort adieu,
Impatient to be there.

5. I feel my pow'rs releas'd
From their old fleſhy clod;
Fair guardian, bear me up in haſte,
And ſet me near my God.

Chriſt dying, riſing, and reigning.

He dies! the heav'nly Lover dies!
The tidings ſtrike a doleful ſound
On my poor heart-ſtrings: deep he lies
In the cold caverns of the ground!

2. Come ſaints! and drop a tear or two
On the dear boſom of your God;
He ſhed a thouſand drops for you,
A thouſand drops of richer blood.

3. Here's love and grief beyond degree;
The Lord of glory dies for men!
But lo, what ſudden joys I ſee!
Jeſus the dead revives again.

4. The riſing God forſakes the tomb,
Up to his Father's court he flies,
Cherubick legions guard him home,
And ſhout him welcome to the ſkies.

5. Break off your tears ye ſaints! and tell
How high our great Deliv'rer reigns;
Sing how he ſpoil'd the hoſts of hell,
And led the monſter Death in chains.

6. Say, "Live for ever, wondrous King!
"Born to redeem and ſtrong to ſave!"
Then aſk the monſter "Where's his ſting?
"And where's thy vict'ry boaſting Grave?"

The God of thunder.

O The immenſe, th' amazing height,
The boundleſs grandeurs of our God,
Who treads the worlds beneath his feet,
And ſways the nations with his nod!

2. He ſpeaks, and lo, all Nature ſhakes,
Heav'n's everlaſting pillars bow,
He rends the clouds with hideous cracks,
And ſhoots his fiery arrows thro'!

3 Well, let the nations ſtart and fly
At the blue lightning's horrid glare;
Atheiſts and emp'rours ſhrink and die
When flame and noiſe torment the air.

4. Let noiſe and flame confound the ſkies,
And drown the ſpacious realms below,
Yet will we ſing the Thund'rer's praiſe,
And ſend our loud hoſannas thro'.

5. Celeſtial King! thy blazing pow'r
Kindles our hearts to flaming joys;
We ſhout to hear thy thunder roar,
And echo to our Father's voice.

6. Thus ſhall the God our Saviour come,
And lightnings round his chariot play;
Ye Lightnings! fly to make him room,
Ye glorious Storms! prepare his way.

The day of judgment, an ode, attempted in Engliſh Sapphick.

When the fierce North-wind with his airy forces
Rears up the Baltick to a foaming fury,
And the red lightning with a ſtorm of hail comes
Ruſhing amain down,

2. How the poor ſailors ſtand amaz'd and tremble!
While the hoarſe thunder, like a bloody trumpet,
Roars a loud onſet to the gaping waters,
Quick to devour them.

3. Such ſhall the noiſe be and the wild diſorder,
(If things eternal may be like theſe earthly)
Such the dire terrour, when the great archangel
Shakes the creation,

4. Tears the ſtrong pillars of the vault of heav'n,
Breaks up old marble, the repoſe of princes,
See the graves open, and the bones ariſing,
Flames all around 'em!

5. Hark, the ſhrill outcries of the guilty wretches!
Lively bright horrour and amazing anguiſh
Stare thro' their eyelids, while the living worm lies
Gnawing within them.

6. Thoughts like old vultures prey upon their heart-ſtrings,
And the ſmart twinges, when the eye beholds the
Lofty Judge frowning, and a flood of vengeance
Rolling afore him.

7. Hopeleſs immortals! how they ſcream and ſhiver,
While devils puſh them to the pit wide yawning,
Hideous and gloomy, to receive them headlong
Down to the centre.

8. Stop here, my Fancy: (all away ye horrid
Doleful ideas) come, ariſe to Jeſus;
How he ſits Godlike! and the ſaints around him
Thron'd, yet adoring!

9. O may I ſit there when he comes triumphant
Dooming the nations! then aſcend to glory,
While our hoſannas all along the paſſage
Shout the Redeemer.

The ſong of angels above.

Earth has detain'd me priſ'ner long,
And I'm grown weary now;
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
There's nothing here for you.

2. Tir'd in my thoughts I ſtretch me down
And upward glance mine eyes,
Upward (my Father) to thy throne,
And to my native ſkies.

3. There the dear Man my Saviour ſits,
The God how bright he ſhines!
And ſcatters infinite delights
On all the happy minds.

4. Seraphs with elevated ſtrains
Circle the throne around,
And move and charm the ſtarry plains
With an immortal ſound.

5. Jeſus the Lord their harps employs,
Jeſus, my love they ſing;
Jeſus, the name of both our joys,
Sounds ſweet from ev'ry ſtring.

6. Hark, how beyond the narrow bounds
Of time and ſpace they run,
And ſpeak in moſt majeſtick ſounds
The Godhead of the Son!

7. How on the Father's breaſt he lay,
The darling of his ſoul,
Infinite years before the day
Or heav'ns began to roll.

8. And now they ſink the lofty tone,
And gentler notes they play,
And bring th' eternal Godhead down
To dwell in humble clay.

9. O ſacred beauties of the man!
(The God reſides within)
His fleſh all pure without a ſtain,
His ſoul without a ſin.

10. Then how he look'd and how he ſmil'd,
What wondrous things he ſaid!
Sweet Cherubs ſtay, dwell here a while,
And tell what Jeſus did.

11. At his command the blind awake
And feel the gladſome rays;
He bids the dumb attempt to ſpeak,
They try their tongues in praiſe.

12. He ſhed a thouſand bleſſings round
Where'er he turn'd his eye;
He ſpoke, and at the ſov'reign ſound
The helliſh legions fly.

13. Thus while with unambitious ſtrife
Th' ethereal minſtrels rove
Thro' all the labours of his life
And wonders of his love,

14. In the full choir a broken ſtring
Groans with a ſtrange ſurpriſe,
The reſt in ſilence mourn their King
That bleeds, and loves, and dies.

15. Seraph and ſaint with drooping wings
Ceaſe their harmonious breath;
No blooming trees nor bubbling ſprings
While Jeſus ſleeps in death.

16. Then all at once to living ſtrains
They ſummon ev'ry chord,
Break up the tomb and burſt his chains,
And ſhew their riſing Lord.

17. Around the flaming army throngs
To guard him to the ſkies,
With loud hoſannas on their tongues
And triumph in their eyes.

18. In awful ſtate the conq'ring God
Aſcends his ſhining throne,
While tuneful angels ſound abroad
The vict'ries he has won.

19. Now let me riſe and join their ſong,
And be an angel too;
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
Here's joyful work for you.

20. I would begin the muſick here
And ſo my ſoul ſhould riſe:
Oh for ſome heav'nly notes to bear
My ſpirit to the ſkies!

21. There ye that love my Saviour fit,
There I would fain have place
Amongft your thrones or at your feet,
So I might fee his face.

22. I am confin'd to earth no more
But mount in hafte above
To blefs the God that I adore
And fing the Man I love.

Fire, air, earth, and fea, praife ye the Lord.

I.

Earth, thou great footftool of our God
Who reigns on high, thou fruitful fource
Of all our raiment, life, and food,
Our houfe, our parent, and our nurfe,
Mighty ftage of mortal fcenes,
Drefs'd with ftrong and gay machines,
Hung with golden lamps around;
(And flow'ry carpets fpread the ground)
Thou bulky globe, prodigious mafs,
That hangs unpillar'd in an empty fpace!
While thy unwieldy weight refts on the feeble air
Blefs that almighty Word that fix'd and holds thee there.

II.

Fire, thou fwift herald of his face,
Whofe glorious rage at his command
Levels a palace with the fand,
Blending the lofty fpires in ruin with the bafe:

Ye heav'nly Flames that ſinge the air,
Artillery of a jealous God,
Bright arrows that his founding quivers bear
To ſcatter deaths abroad;
Lightnings, adore the ſov'reign arm that flings
His vengeance, and your fires upon the heads of kings.

III.

Thou vital element the Air,
Whoſe boundleſs magazines of breath
Our fainting flame of life repair,
And ſave the bubble Man from the cold arms of Death:
And ye whoſe vital moiſture yields
Life's purple ſtream a freſh ſupply,
Sweet Waters, wand'ring thro' the flow'ry fields,
Or dropping from the ſky,
Confeſs the Pow'r whoſe allſufficient name
Nor needs your aid to build nor to ſupport our frame.

IV.

Now the rude air with noiſy force
Beats up and ſwells the angry ſea,
They join to make our lives a prey,
And ſweep the ſailors' hopes away,
Vain hopes, to reach their kindred on the ſhores!
Lo, the wild ſeas and ſurging waves
Gape hideous in a thouſand graves;
Be ſtill ye Floods, and know your bounds of ſand;
Ye Storms, adore your Maſter's hand;
The winds are in his fiſt, the waves at his command.

V.

From the eternal emptiness
His fruitful word by secret springs
Drew the whole harmony of things
That form this noble universe:
Old Nothing knew his pow'rful hand,
Scarce had he spoke his full command,
Fire, air, and earth, and sea, heard the creating call,
And leap'd from empty nothing to this beauteous all;
And still they dance and still obey
The orders they receiv'd the great creation-day.

The farewell.

Dead be my heart to all below,
To mortal joys and mortal cares;
To sensual bliss that charms us so
Be dark my eyes and deaf my ears.

2. Here I renounce my carnal taste
Of the fair fruit that sinners prize;
Their Paradise shall never waste,
One thought of mine but to despise.

3. All earthly joys are over weigh'd
With mountains of vexatious care,
And where's the sweet that is not laid
A bait to some destructive snare?

4. Be gone for ever mortal things!
Thou mighty molehill, earth, farewell!
Angels aspire on lofty wings,
And leave the globe for ants to dwell.

5. Come Heav'n and fill my vaſt deſires;
My ſoul purſues the ſov'reign good;
She was all made of heav'nly fires,
Nor can ſhe live on meaner food.

God only known to himſelf.

STAND and adore! how glorious he
That dwells in bright eternity!
We gaze and we confound our ſight,
Plung'd in th' abyſs of dazzling light.
2. Thou ſacred One, almighty Three,
Great everlaſting Myſtery,
What lofty numbers ſhall we frame
Equal to thy tremendous name!
3. Seraphs, the neareſt to the throne,
Begin and ſpeak the Great Unknown;
Attempt the ſong, wind up your ſtrings
To notes untry'd and boundleſs things.
4. You whoſe capacious pow'rs ſurvey
Largely beyond our eyes of clay,
Yet what a narrow portion too
Is ſeen, or known, or thought, by you?
5. How flat your higheſt praiſes fall
Below th' immenſe original!
Weak creatures we that ſtrive in vain
To reach an uncreated ſtrain!

6. Great God! forgive our feeble lays,
Sound out thine own eternal praiſe;
A ſong ſo vaſt a theme ſo high
Calls for the voice that tun'd the ſky.

Pardon and ſanctification.

My crimes awake, and hideous fear
Diſtracts my reſtleſs mind;
Guilt meet my eyes with horrid glare
And hell purſues behind.
2. Almighty Vengeance frowns on high
And flames array the throne,
While thunder murmurs round the ſky
Impatient to be gone.
3. Where ſhall I hide this noxious head?
Can rocks or mountains ſave?
Or ſhall I wrap me in the ſhade
Of midnight and the grave?
4. Is there no ſhelter from the eye
Of a revenging God?
Jeſus, to thy dear wounds I fly,
Bedew me with thy blood.
5. Thoſe guardian drops my ſoul ſecure
And waſh away my ſin,
Eternal juſtice frowns no more
And conſcience ſmiles within.

6. I bleſs that wondrous purple ſtream
That whitens ev'ry ſtain,
Yet is my ſoul but half redeem'd
If Sin the tyrant reign.
7. Lord! blaſt his empire with thy breath;
That curſed throne muſt fall:
Ye flatt'ring plagues that work my death
Fly, for I hate you all.

Sovereignty and grace.

The Lord! how fearful is his name!
How wide is his command!
Nature with all her moving frame
Reſts on his mighty hand.
2. Immortal glory forms his throne
And light his awful robe,
Whilſt with a ſmile or with a frown
He manages the globe.
3. A word of his almighty breath
Can ſwell or ſink the ſeas,
Build the vaſt empires of the earth,
Or break them as he pleaſe.
4. Adoring angels round him fall
In all their ſhining forms,
His ſov'reign eye looks thro' them all
And pities mortal worms.

5. His bowels to our worthless race
In sweet compassion move,
He clothes his looks with softest grace
And takes his title, Love.

6. Now let the Lord for ever reign
And sway us as he will,
Sick or in health, in ease or pain,
We are his fav'rites still.

7. No more shall peevish passion rise,
The tongue no more complain;
'Tis sov'reign love that lends our joys,
And love resumes again.

The law and gospel.

" CURS'D be the man, for ever curs'd,
" That doth one wilful sin commit;
" Death and damnation for the first,
" Without relief and infinite."

2. Thus Sinai roars, and round the earth
Thunder, and fire, and vengeance, flings;
But Jesus! thy dear gasping breath
And Calvary say gentler things.

3. " Pardon, and grace, and boundless love,
" Streaming along a Saviour's blood,
" And life, and joys, and crowns above,
" Dear purchas'd by a bleeding God."

4. Hark how he prays, (the charming sound
Dwells on his dying lips) Forgive!
And ev'ry groan and gaping wound
Cries, "Father let the rebels live."

5. Go, you that rest upon the law,
And toil and seek salvation there;
Look to the flames that Moses saw,
And shrink, and tremble, and despair.

6. But I'll retire beneath the cross;
Saviour! at thy dear feet I lie,
And the keen sword that Justice draws,
Flaming and red, shall pass me by.

Seeking a divine calm in a restless world.

[O mens, quæ stabili fata regis vice, &c. *Casimire, B.* iii. *Od.* 28.]

I.

Eternal Mind! who rul'st the fates
Of dying realms and rising states
With one unchang'd decree,
While we admire thy vast affairs,
Say, can our little trifling cares
Afford a smile to thee?

II.

Thou scatter'st honours, crowns, and gold;
We fly to seize and fight to hold
The bubbles and the ore;
So emmets struggle for a grain,
So boys their petty wars maintain
For shells upon the shore.

III.

Here a vain man his ſceptre breaks,
The next a broken ſceptre takes,
And warriours win and loſe.
This rolling world will never ſtand,
Plunder'd and ſnatch'd from hand to hand,
As pow'r decays or grows.

IV.

Earth's but an atom: greedy ſwords
Carve it amongſt a thouſand lords,
And yet they cann't agree:
Let greedy ſwords ſtill fight and ſlay,
I can be poor; but, Lord, I pray
To ſit and ſmile with thee.

Happy frailty.

" How meanly dwells th' immortal mind!
" How vile theſe bodies are!
" Why was a clod of earth deſign'd
" T' encloſe a heav'nly ſtar!
2. " Weak cottage where our ſouls reſide!
" This fleſh, a tott'ring wall;
" With frightful branches gaping wide
" The building bends to fall.
3. " All round it ſtorms of trouble blow
" And waves of ſorrow roll;
" Cold waves and winter ſtorms beat thro'
" And pain the tenant ſoul.

4. "Alas! how frail our state!" said I,
And thus went mourning on,
Till sudden from the cleaving sky
A gleam of glory shone.

5. My soul all felt the glory come
And breath'd her native air,
Then she remember'd heav'n her home
And she a pris'ner here.

6. Straight she began to change her key,
And joyful in her pains
She sung the frailty of her clay
In pleasurable strains.

7. "How weak the prison's where I dwell!
"Flesh but a tott'ring wall;
"The breaches cheerfully foretel
"The house must shortly fall.

8. "No more, my friends, shall I complain
"Tho' all my heart-strings ake;
"Welcome disease and ev'ry pain
"That makes the cottage shake.

9. "Now let the tempest blow all round,
"Now swell the surges high,
"And beat this house of bondage down
"To let the stranger fly.

10. "I have a mansion built above
"By the Eternal Hand,
"And should the earth's old basis move
"My heav'nly house must stand.

11. "Yes, for 'tis there my Saviour reigns,
"(I long to ſee the God)
"And his immortal ſtrength ſuſtains
"The courts that coſt him blood."

12. Hark, from on high my Saviour calls;
"I come, my Lord, my Love;"
Devotion breaks the priſon-walls
And ſpeeds my laſt remove.

Lanching into eternity.

It was a brave attempt! advent'rous he
Who in the firſt ſhip broke the unknown ſea,
And leaving his dear native ſhores behind
Truſted his life to the licentious wind.
I ſee the ſurging brine, the tempeſt raves;
He on a pine-plank rides acroſs the waves,
Exulting on the edge of thouſand gaping graves,
He ſteers the winged boat and ſhifts the ſails,
Conquers the flood and manages the gales.
Such is the ſoul that leaves this mortal land
Fearleſs when the great Maſter gives command.
Death is the ſtorm; ſhe ſmiles to hear it roar,
And bids the tempeſt waft her from the ſhore;
Then with a ſkilful helm ſhe ſweeps the ſeas,
And manages the raging ſtorm with eaſe;
(Her faith can govern death) ſhe ſpreads her wings
Wide to the wind, and as ſhe ſails ſhe ſings,
And loſes by degrees the ſight of mortal things.

As the ſhores leſſen ſo her joys ariſe,
The waves roll gentler and the tempeſt dies:
Now vaſt eternity fills all her ſight,
She floats on the broad deep with infinite delight,
The ſeas for ever calm the ſkies for ever bright.

A proſpect of the reſurrection.

How long ſhall Death the tyrant reign
And triumph o'er the juſt,
While the rich blood of martyrs ſlain
Lies mingled with the duſt?

2. When ſhall the tedious night be gone?
When will our Lord appear?
Our fond deſires would pray him down,
Our love embrace him here.

3. Let Faith ariſe and climb the hills,
And from afar deſcry
How diſtant are his chariot-wheels,
And tell how faſt they fly.

4. Lo, I behold the ſcatt'ring ſhades,
The dawn of heav'n appears,
The ſweet immortal morning ſpreads
Its bluſhes round the ſpheres.

5. I ſee the Lord of glory come
And flaming guards around;
The ſkies divide to make him room,
The trumpet ſhakes the ground.

6. I hear the voice, "Ye dead, ariſe,"
And lo! the graves obey,
And waking ſaints with joyful eyes
Salute th' expected day.

7. They leave the duſt, and on the wing
Riſe to the middle air,
In ſhining garments meet their King,
And low adore him there.

8. O may my humble ſpirit ſtand
Amongſt them cloth'd in white!
The meaneſt place at his right hand
Is infinite delight.

9. How will our joy and wonder riſe
When our returning King
Shall bear us homeward thro' the ſkies
On love's triumphant wing!

Ad Dominum noſtrum et Servatorem Jeſum Chriſtum. Oda.

Te, grande Numen, corporis incola,
Te, magna magni progenies patris,
Nomen verendum noſtri Jeſu
Vox, Citharæ, calami ſonabunt.

2. Aptentur auro grandiſonæ fides,
Chriſti triumphos incipe barbite,
Fractoſque terrores Averni,
Victum Erebum, domitamque mortem.

3. Immenſa vaſtos ſæcula circulos
Volvêre, blando dum patris in ſinû
Toto fruebatur Jehovah
Gaudia mille bibens Jeſus;

4. Donec ſuperno vidit ab æthere
Adam cadentem, tartara hiantia,
Unâque mergendos ruinâ
Heu nimium miſeros nepotes:

5. Vidit minaces vindicis angeli
Ignes et enſem, telaque ſanguine
Tingenda noſtro, dum rapinæ
Spe fremuere Erebæa monſtra.

6. Commota ſacras viſcera protinus
Senſêre flammas, Omnipotens furor
Ebullit, immenſique amoris
Æthereum calet igne pectus.

7. " Non tota prorſus gens hominum dabit
" Hoſti triumphos: quid patris et labor
" Dulciſque imago? num peribunt
" Funditus? O prius aſtra cæcis.

8. " Mergantur undis, et redeat chaos;
" Aut ipſe diſperdam Satanæ dolos,
" Aut ipſe diſperdar, et iſti
" Sceptra dabo moderanda dextræ.

9. " Teſtor paternum numen, et hoc caput
" Æquale teſtor," dixit; et ætheris
Inclinat ingens culmen, alto
Deſiliitque ruens Olympo.

10. Mortale corpus impiger induit
Artuſque noſtros, heu tenues nimis
Nimiſque viles! vindicique
Corda dedit fodienda ferro.

11. Vitamque morti; proh dolor! O graves
Tonantis iræ! O lex fatis aſpera!
Merceſque peccati ſevera
Adamici, vetitique fructus.

12. Non pœna lenis quò ruis impotens!
Quò Muſa! largas fundere lachrymas,
Buſtique divini triumphos
Sacrilego temerare fletu?

13. Sepone queſtus, læta Deum cane
Majore chordâ. Pſalle ſonorius
Ut ferreas mortis cavernas
Et rigidam penetravit aulam.

14. Senſêre numen regna feralia,
Mugit barathrum, contremuit chaos,
Dirùm fremebat rex Gehennæ,
Perque ſuum tremebundus orcum.

15. Latè refugit, "Nil agis impie,
"Mergat vel imis te Phlegethon vadis,
"Hoc findet undas fulmen," inquit,
Et patrios jaculatus ignes.

16. Trajecit hoſtem. Nigra ſilentia
Umbræque flammas æthereas pavent
Dudum peroſæ, ex quo coruſco
Præcipitem cecidere cœlo.

17. Immane rugit jam tonitru; fragor
Latè ruinam mandat: ab infimis
Lectæque designata genti
Tartara disjiciuntur antris.

18. Heic strata passim vincula, et heic jacent
Unci cruenti, tormina mentium
Invisa; ploratuque vasto
Spicula mors sibi adempta plangit.

19. En, ut resurgit victor ab ultimo
Ditis profundo, curribus aureis
Astricta raptans monstra noctis
Perdomitumque Erebi tyrannum.

20. Quanta angelorum gaudia jubilant
Victor paternum dum repetit polum?
En qualis ardet, dum beati
Limina scandit ovans Olympi!

21. Io triumphe plectra seraphica,
Io triumphe grex hominum sonet,
Dum læta quaquaversus ambos
Astra repercutiunt triumphos.

Sui-ipsius increpatio. Epigramma.

Corpore cur hæres, Wattsi? cur incola terræ?
Quid cupis indignum, mens habitare lutum?
Te caro mille malis premit; hinc juvenes gravat artus
Languor, et hinc vegetus crimina sanguis alit.
Cura, amor, ira, dolor, mentem malè distrahit; auceps
Undique adest Satanas, retia sæva struens.

Suſpice ut Æthereum ſignant tibi nutibus aſtra
Tramitem, et aula vocat parta cruore Dei.
Te manet Uriel dux, et tibi ſubjicit alas
Stellatas ſeraphîn officioſa cohors.
Te ſuperûm chorus optat amans, te invitat Jeſus,
"Huc ades et noſtro tempora conde ſinû."
Verè amat ille lutum quem nec dolor aut Satan arcet
Inde, nec alliciunt angelus, aſtra, Deus.

Excitatio cordis cœlum verſus, 1694.

Heu quod ſêcla teris carcere corporis,
Wattſi? quid refugis limen et exitum?
Nec mens Æthereum culmen, et atria
Magni patris anhelitat?
Corpus vile creat mille moleſtias,
Circum corda volant et dolor, et metus,
Peccatumque malis durius omnibus
Cæcas inſidias ſtruit.
Non hoc grata tibi gaudia de ſolo
Surgunt: Chriſtus abeſt, deliciæ tuæ,
Longè Chriſtus abeſt, inter et angelos
Et picta aſtra perambulans.
* Cœli ſumma petas, nec jaculabitur
Iracunda tonans fulmina: te Deus
Hortatur; vacuum tende per æra
Pennas nunc homini datas.

* *Vide* Horat. lib. I. od. 3.

Breathing toward the heavenly country.

Casimire, Book I. Ode 19. imitated.

Urit me patriae decor, &c.

The beauty of my native land
Immortal love inspires;
I burn, I burn with strong desires,
And sigh, and wait the high command.
There glides the moon her shining way,
And shoots my heart thro' with a silver ray:
Upward my heart aspires;
A thousand lamps of golden light
Hung high in vaulted azure charm my sight,
And wink and beckon with their amorous fires.
O ye fair glories of my heav'nly home,
Bright sentinels who guard my Father's court,
Where all the happy minds resort,
When will my Father's chariot come?
Must ye for ever walk th' ethereal round,
For ever see the mourner lie,
An exile of the sky,
A prisoner of the ground?
Descend some shining servants from on high,
Build me a hasty tomb;
A grassy turf will raise my head,
The neighb'ring lilies dress my bed,
And shed a cheap perfume.

Here I put off the chains of death
My ſoul too long has worn;
Friends, I forbid one groaning breath
Or tear to wet my urn:
Raphael, behold me all undreſt,
Here gently lay this fleſh to reſt,
Then mount and lead the path unknown,
Swift I purſue thee, flaming guide, on pinions of my
own.

Caſimiri Epigramma 100.

In ſanctum Ardalionem, qui ex mimo Chriſtianus factus, martyrium, paſſus eſt.

ARDALIO ſacros deridet carmine ritus,
Feſtaque non æquâ voce theatra quatit,
Audiit Omnipotence; "Non eſt opus," inquit, hiulco
"Fulmine; tam facilem, gratia, vince virum."
Deſerit illa polos, et deſerit iſte theatrum,
Et tereti ſacrum volvit in enſe caput.
"Sic, ſic," inquit, "abit noſtræ comœdia vitæ;
"Terra vale, cœlum plaude, tyranne feri."

Engliſhed.

On Saint Ardalio, who from a ſtageplayer became a Chriſtian, and ſuffered martyrdom.

I.

ARDALIO jeers, and in his comick ſtrains
The myſt'ries of our bleeding God profanes,
While his loud laughter ſhakes the painted ſcenes:

II.

Heav'n heard, and ſtraight around the ſmoking throne
The kindling lightning in thick flaſhes ſhone,
And vengeful thunder murmur'd to be gone.

III.

Mercy ſtood near, and with a ſmiling brow
Calm'd the loud thunder; "There's no need of you;
"Grace ſhall deſcend, and the weak man ſubdue."

IV.

Grace leaves the ſkies and he the ſtage forſakes,
He bows his head down to the martyring axe,
And as he bows this gentle farewell ſpeaks;

V.

"So goes the comedy of life away;
"Vain earth adieu! Heav'n will applaud to-day:
"Strike, courteous tyrant, and conclude the play."

When the Proteſtant church at Montpelier was demoliſhed by the French king's order, the Proteſtants laid the ſtones up in their burying-place, whereon a Jeſuit made a Latin epigram,

Engliſhed thus.

A Hug'not church once at Montpelier built
Stood and proclaim'd their madneſs and their guilt;
Too long it ſtood beneath Heav'n's angry frown,
Worthy when riſing to be thunder'd down.
Lewis at laſt, th' avenger of the ſkies,
Commands, and level with the ground it lies:

The ſtones diſpers'd, their wretched offspring come,
Gather and heap them on their fathers' tomb.
Thus the curs'd houſe falls on the builder's head,
And tho' beneath the ground their bones are laid
Yet the juſt vengeance ſtill purſues the guilty dead.

The anſwer, by a French Proteſtant,

Engliſhed thus.

A Chriſtian church once at Montpelier ſtood,
And nobly ſpoke the builder's zeal for God:
It ſtood the envy of the fierce dragoon,
But not deſerv'd to be deſtroy'd ſo ſoon:
Yet Lewis, the wild tyrant of the age,
Tears down the walls, a victim to his rage.
Young faithful hands pile up the ſacred ſtones
(Dear monument!) o'er their dead fathers' bones;
The ſtones ſhall move when the dead fathers riſe,
Start up before the pale deſtroyer's eyes,
And teſtify his madneſs to th' avenging ſkies.

Two happy rivals, Devotion and the Muſe.

I.

Wild as the lightning, various as the moon,
Roves my Pindarick ſong;
Here ſhe glows like burning noon

In fierceſt flames, and here ſhe plays
Gentle as ſtarbeams on the midnight ſeas;
Now in a ſmiling angel's form
Anon ſhe rides upon the ſtorm
Loud as the noiſy thunder, as a deluge ſtrong.
Are my thoughts and wiſhes free,
And know no number nor degree?
Such is the Muſe: lo ſhe diſdains
The links and chains
Meaſures and rules of vulgar ſtrains,
And o'er the laws of Harmony a ſov'reign queen ſhe reigns.

II.

If ſhe roves
By ſtreams or groves,
Tuning her pleaſures or her pains,
My paſſion keeps her ſtill in ſight,
My paſſion holds an equal flight
Thro' Love's or Nature's wide champaigns.
If with bold attempt ſhe ſings
Of the biggeſt mortal things,
Tott'ring thrones and nations ſlain,
Or breaks the fleets of warring kings,
While thunders roar
From ſhore to ſhore
My ſoul ſits faſt upon her wings,
And ſweeps the crimſon ſurge or ſcours the purple plain:
Still I attend her as ſhe flies
Round the broad globe and all beneath the ſkies.

III.

But when from the meridian ſtar
Long ſtreaks of glory ſhine,
And heav'n invites her from afar,
She takes the hint, ſhe knows the ſign;
The Muſe aſcends her heav'nly car
And climbs the ſteepy path and means the throne divine.
Then ſhe leaves my flutt'ring mind
Clogg'd with clay and unrefin'd
Lengths of diſtance far behind:
Virtue lags with heavy wheel;
Faith has wings but cannot riſe,
Cannot riſe----ſwift and high
As the wing'd numbers fly,
And faint devotion panting lies
Half way th' ethereal hill.

IV.

O why is piety ſo weak
And yet the Muſe ſo ſtrong?
When ſhall theſe hateful fetters break
That have confin'd me long?
Inward a glowing heat I feel,
A ſpark of heav'nly day,
But earthly vapours damp my zeal,
And heavy fleſh drags me the downward way:
Faint are the efforts of my will,
And mortal paſſion charms my ſoul aſtray.
Shine thou ſweet hour of dear releaſe,

Shine from the ſky,
And call me high
To mingle with the choirs of glory and of bliſs.
Devotion there begins the flight,
Awakes the ſong and guides the way;
There love and zeal divine and bright
Trace out new regions in the world of light,
And ſcarce the boldeſt Muſe can follow or obey.

V.

I'm in a dream, and Fancy reigns,
She ſpreads her gay deluſive ſcenes;
Or is the viſion true?
Behold Religion on her throne
In awful ſtate deſcending down,
And her dominions vaſt and bright within my ſpacious view.
She ſmiles, and with a courteous hand
She beckons me away;
I feel mine airy pow'rs looſe from the cumbrous clay,
And with a joyful haſte obey
Religion's high command.
What lengths, and heights, and deeps, unknown!
Broad fields with blooming glory ſown,
And ſeas, and ſkies, and ſtars, her own,
In an unmeaſur'd ſphere!
What heav'ns of joy and light ſerene,
Which nor the rolling ſun has ſeen,
Where nor the roving Muſe has been,
That greater traveller!

VI.

A long farewell to all below,
Farewell to all that ſenſe can ſhow,
To golden ſcenes and flow'ry fields,
To all the worlds that fancy builds,
And all that poets know.
Now the ſwift tranſports of the mind
Leave the flutt'ring Muſe behind,
A thouſand looſe Pindarick plumes fly ſcatt'ring down [the wind.
Amongſt the clouds I loſe my breath,
The rapture grows too ſtrong,
The feeble pow'rs that nature gave
Faint and drop downward to the grave;
Receive their fall, thou treaſurer of Death:
I will no more demand my tongue
Till the groſs organ well refin'd
Can trace the boundleſs flights of an unfetter'd mind
And raiſe an equal ſong.

The following poems of this book are peculiarly dedicated to divine love.*

The hazard of loving the creatures.

WHERE'ER my flatt'ring paſſions rove
I find a lurking ſnare;
'Tis dang'rous to let looſe our love
Beneath th' Eternal Fair.

* Different ages have their different airs and faſhions of writing. It was much more the faſhion of the age when theſe poems were written to treat of divine ſubjects in the ſtyle of Solomon's Song than it is at this day, which will afford ſome apology for the writer in his youngeſt years.

2. Souls whom the tie of friendſhip binds,
And partners of our blood,
Seize a large portion of our minds,
And leave the leſs for God.

3. Nature has ſoft but pow'rful bands,
And reaſon ſhe controls;
While children with their little hands
Hang cloſeſt to our ſouls.

4. Thoughtleſs they act th' old Serpent's part;
What tempting things they be!
Lord! how they twine about our heart,
And draw it off from thee!

5. Our haſty wills ruſh blindly on
Where riſing paſſion rolls,
And thus we make our fetters ſtrong
To bind our ſlaviſh ſouls.

6. Dear Sov'reign! break theſe fetters off,
And ſet our ſpirits free;
God in himſelf is bliſs enough,
For we have all in thee.

Deſiring to love Chriſt.

COME, let me love; or is thy mind
Harden'd to ſtone or froze to ice?
I ſee the bleſſed fair One bend,
And ſtoop t' embrace me from the ſkies!

2. O! 'tis a thought would melt a rock,
And make a heart of iron move,
That thofe fweet lips, that heav'nly look,
Should feek and wifh a mortal love!

3. I was a traitor doom'd to fire,
Bound to fuftain eternal pains;
He flew on wings of ftrong defire,
Affum'd my guilt and took my chains.

4. Infinite grace! almighty charms!
Stand in amaze ye whirling fkies,
Jefus the God with naked arms
Hangs on a crofs of love and dies.

5. Did pity ever ftoop fo low
Drefs'd in divinity and blood?
Was ever rebel courted fo,
In groans of an expiring God?

6. Again he lives and fpreads his hands,
Hands that were nail'd to tort'ring fmart;
"By thefe dear wounds," fays he, and ftands
And prays to clafp me to his heart.

7. Sure I muft love; or are my ears
Still deaf, nor will my paffion move?
Then let me melt this heart to tears,
This heart fhall yield to death or love.

The heart given away.

If there are paſſions in my ſoul
(And paſſions ſure there be)
Now they are all at thy control,
My Jeſus! all for thee.
2. If love, that pleaſing pow'r, can reſt
In hearts ſo hard as mine,
Come gentle Saviour to my breaſt,
For all my love is thine.
3. Let the gay world with treach'rous art
Allure my eyes in vain,
I have convey'd away my heart
Ne'er to return again.
4. I feel my warmeſt paſſions dead
To all that earth can boaſt;
This ſoul of mine was never made
For vanity and duſt.
5. Now I can fix my thoughts above
Amidſt their flatt'ring charms,
Till the dear Lord that hath my love
Shall call me to his arms.
6. So Gabriel at his King's command
From yon' celeſtial hill
Walks downward to our worthleſs land,
His ſoul points upward ſtill.

7. He glides along my mortal things
Without a thought of love,
Fulfils his taſk and ſpreads his wings
To reach the realms above.

Meditation in a grove.

Sweet Muſe! deſcend and bleſs the ſhade,
And bleſs the ev'ning grove;
Bus'neſs, and noiſe, and day, are fled,
And ev'ry care but love.

2. But hence ye wanton, young, and fair,
Mine is a purer flame;
No Phillis ſhall infect the air
With her unhallow'd name.

3. Jeſus has all my pow'rs poſſeſt,
My hopes, my fears, my joys;
He, the dear Sov'reign of my breaſt,
Shall ſtill command my voice.

4. Some of the faireſt choirs above
Shall flock around my ſong,
With joy to hear the name they love
Sound from a mortal tongue.

5. His charms ſhall make my numbers flow
And hold the falling floods,
While ſilence ſits on ev'ry bough
And bends the liſt'ning woods.

6. I'll carve our paſſion on the bark,
And ev'ry wounded tree
Shall drop and bear ſome myſtick mark
That Jeſus dy'd for me.

7. The ſwains ſhall wonder when they read,
Inſcrib'd on all the grove,
That Heav'n itſelf came down and bled
To win a mortal's love.

The faireſt and the only beloved.

I.

Honour to that diviner ray
That firſt allur'd my eyes away
From ev'ry mortal fair;
All the gay things that held my ſight
Seem but the twinkling ſparks of night,
And languiſhing in doubtful light
Die at the morning-ſtar.

II.

Whatever ſpeaks the Godhead great
And fit to be ador'd,
Whatever makes the creature ſweet
And worthy of my paſſion, meet
Harmonious in my Lord.
A thouſand graces ever riſe
And bloom upon his face,
A thouſand arrows from his eyes
Shoot thro' my heart with dear ſurpriſe
And guard around the place.

III.

All Nature's art ſhall never cure
The heav'nly pains I found,
And 't is beyond all Beauty's pow'r
To make another wound:
Earthly beauties grow and fade,
Nature heals the wounds ſhe made,
But charms ſo much divine
Hold a long empire of the heart;
What Heav'n has join'd ſhall never part,
And Jeſus muſt be mine.

IV.

In vain th' envious ſhades of night
Or flatt'ries of the day
Would veil his image from my ſight
Or tempt my ſoul away;
Jeſus is all my waking theme,
His lovely form meets ev'ry dream
And knows not to depart:
The paſſion reigns
Thro' all my veins,
And floating round the crimſon ſtream
Still finds him at my heart.

V.

Dwell there, for ever dwell, my Love!
Here I confine my ſenſe,
Nor dare my wildeſt wiſhes rove
Nor ſtir a thought from thence.

Amidſt thy glories and thy grace
Let all my remnant minutes paſs;
Grant, thou Everlaſting Fair,
Grant my ſoul a manſion there:
My ſoul aſpires to ſee thy face,
Tho' life ſhould for the viſion pay;
So rivers run to meet the ſea,
And loſe their nature in th' embrace.

VI.

Thou art my ocean, thou my God,
In thee the paſſions of the mind,
With joys and freedom unconfin'd,
Exult and ſpread their pow'rs abroad.
Not all the glitt'ring things on high
Can make my heav'n if thou remove;
I ſhall be tir'd and long to die;
Life is a pain without thy love:
Who could ever bear to be
Curs'd with immortality
Among the ſtars but far from thee?

Mutual love ſtronger than death.

I.

Not the rich world of minds above
Can pay the mighty debt of love

I owe to Christ my God:
With pangs which none but he could feel
He brought my guilty soul from hell:
Not the first seraph's tongue can tell
The value of his blood.

II.

Kindly he seiz'd me in his arms
From the false world's pernicious charms,
With force divinely sweet.
Had I ten thousand lives my own,
At his demand
With cheerful hand
I'd pay the vital treasure down
In hourly tributes at his feet.

III.

But, Saviour, let me taste thy grace
With ev'ry fleeting breath,
And thro' that heav'n of pleasure pass
To the cold arms of Death;
Then I could lose successive souls
Fast as the minutes fly;
So billow after billow rolls
To kiss the shore and die.

I

The ſubſtance of the following copy, and many of the lines, were ſent me by an eſteemed friend, Mr. W. Nokes, with a deſire that I would form them into a Pindarick ode; but I retained his meaſures leſt I ſhould too much alter his ſenſe.

A ſight of Chriſt.

ANGELS of light! your God and King ſurround
With noble ſongs; in his exalted fleſh
He claims your worſhip, while his ſaints on earth
Bleſs their Redeemer God with humble tongues.
Angels with lofty honours crown his head;
We bowing at his feet by faith may feel
His diſtant influence and confeſs his love.
  Once I beheld his face when beams divine
Broke from his eyelids, and unuſual light
Wrapt me at once in glory and ſurpriſe:
My joyful heart high leaping in my breaſt
With tranſport cry'd, "This is the Chriſt of God!"
Then threw my arms around in ſweet embrace,
And claſp'd and bow'd, adoring low, till I was loſt in [him.
  While he appears no other charms can hold
Or draw my ſoul, aſham'd of former things,
Which no remembrance now deſerve or name,
Tho' with contempt beſt in oblivion hid.
  But the bright ſhine and preſence ſoon withdrew;
I ſought him whom I lov'd, but found him not;
I felt his abſence, and with ſtrongeſt cries

Proclaim'd, " Where Jesus is not all is vain."
Whether I hold him with a full delight
Or seek him panting with extreme desire
'Tis he alone can please my wond'ring soul;
To hold or seek him is my only choice.
If he refrain on me to cast his eye
Down from his palace, nor my longing soul
With upward look can spy my dearest Lord
Thro' his blue pavement, I'll behold him still
With sweet reflection on the peaceful cross,
All in his blood and anguish groaning deep,
Gasping and dying there——————
This sight I ne'er can lose; by it I live:
A quick'ning virtue from his death inspir'd
Is life and breath to me, his flesh my food,
His vital blood I drink, and hence my strength.
I live, I'm strong, and now eternal life
Beats quick within my breast; my vig'rous mind
Spurns the dull earth, and on her fiery wings
Reaches the mount of purposes divine,
Counsels of peace betwixt th' almighty Three,
Conceiv'd at once and sign'd without debate,
In perfect union of th' Eternal Mind.
With vast amaze I see th' unfathom'd thoughts,
Infinite schemes and infinite designs
Of God's own heart, in which he ever rests.
Eternity lies open to my view;
Here the beginning and the end of all

I can diſcover; Chriſt the end of all,
And Chriſt the great beginning; he my head,
My God, my glory, and my all in all.
  O that the day, the joyful day, were come
When the firſt Adam from his ancient duſt,
Crown'd with new honours, ſhall revive, and ſee
Jeſus his Son and Lord, while ſhouting ſaints
Surround their King, and God's eternal Son
Shines in the midſt, but with ſuperiour beams,
And like himſelf; then the myſterious Word
Long hid behind the letter ſhall appear
All ſpirit and life, and in the fulleſt light
Stand forth to publick view, and there diſcloſe
His Father's ſacred works and wondrous ways;
Then wiſdom, righteouſneſs, and grace divine,
Thro' all the infinite tranſactions paſt,
Inwrought and ſhining, ſhall with double blaze
Strike our aſtoniſh'd eyes, and ever reign
Admir'd and glorious in triumphant light.
  Death and the Tempter, and the Man of Sin,
Now at the bar arraign'd, in judgment caſt,
Shall vex the ſaints no more, but perfect love
And loudeſt praiſes perfect joy create,
While ever-circling years maintain the bliſsful ſtate.

Love on a croſs and a throne.

Now let my faith grow ſtrong and riſe,
And view my Lord in all his love,
Look back to hear his dying cries,
Then mount and ſee his throne above.

2. See where he languiſh'd on the croſs;
Beneath my ſins he groan'd and dy'd;
See where he ſits to plead my cauſe
By his almighty Father's ſide.

3. If I behold his bleeding heart
There love in floods of ſorrow reigns,
He triumphs o'er the killing ſmart,
And buys my pleaſure with his pains.

4. Or if I climb th' eternal hills
Where the dear Conq'ror ſits enthron'd,
Still in his heart compaſſion dwells
Near the memorials of his wound.

5. How ſhall a pardon'd rebel ſhow
How much I love my dying God?
Lord! here I baniſh ev'ry foe;
I hate the ſins that coſt thy blood.

6. I hold no more commerce with hell,
My deareſt luſts ſhall all depart
But let thine image ever dwell,
Stamp'd as a ſeal upon my heart.

A preparatory thought for the Lord's ſupper,

In imitation of Iſa. lxiii. 1, 2, 3.

WHAT heav'nly Man or lovely God
Comes marching downward from the ſkies,
Array'd in garments roll'd in blood,
With joy and pity in his eyes?

2. The Lord! the Saviour! yes, 'tis he;
I know him by the ſmiles he wears;
Dear glorious Man that dy'd for me,
Drench'd deep in agonies and tears!

3. Lo, he reveals his ſhining breaſt;
I own thoſe wounds and I adore;
Lo, he prepares a royal feaſt,
Sweet fruit of the ſharp pangs he bore!

4. Whence flow theſe favours ſo divine?
Lord! why ſo laviſh of thy blood?
Why for ſuch earthly ſouls as mine
This heav'nly fleſh, this ſacred food?

5. 'Twas his own love that made him bleed,
That nail'd him to the curſed tree;
'Twas his own love this table ſpread
For ſuch unworthy worms as we.

6. Then let us taſte the Saviour's love,
Come faith, and feed upon the Lord;
With glad conſent our lips ſhall move
And ſweet hoſannas crown the board.

Converse with Christ.

I.

I'm tir'd with visits, modes, and forms,
And flatt'ries paid to fellow-worms;
Their conversation cloys,
Their vain amours and empty stuff,
But I can ne'er enjoy enough
Of thy best company, my Lord, thou life of all my joys.

II.

When he begins to tell his love 7
Thro' ev'ry vein my passions move,
The captives of his tongue:
In midnight shades on frosty ground
I could attend the pleasing sound,
Nor should I feel December cold nor think the darkness long.

III.

There, while I hear my Saviour-God 13
Count o'er the sins (a heavy load!)
He bore upon the tree,
Inward I blush with sacred shame,
And weep, and love, and bless the name
That knew not guilt nor grief his own, but bare it all for me 92

IV.

Next he describes the thorns he wore,
And talks his bloody passion o'er,

Till I am drown'd in tears,
Yet with the ſympathetick ſmart
There's a ſtrange joy beats round my heart;
The curſed tree has bleſſings in't, my ſweeteſt balm
it bears.

V.

I hear the glorious Suff'rer tell
How on his croſs he vanquiſh'd hell
And all the pow'rs beneath:
Tranſported and inſpir'd, my tongue
Attempts his triumphs in a ſong,
"How has the ſerpent loſt his ſting, and where's
"thy vict'ry death?"

VI.

But when he ſhows his hands and heart
With thoſe dear prints of dying ſmart
He ſets my ſoul on fire;
Not the beloved John could reſt
With more delight upon that breaſt,
Nor Thomas pry into thoſe wounds with more intenſe
deſire.

VII.

Kindly he opes to me his ear,
And bids me pour my ſorrow there,
And tell him all my pains:
Thus while I eaſe my burden'd heart,
In ev'ry wo he bears a part,
His arms embrace me, and his hand my drooping head
ſuſtains.

VIII.

Fly from my thoughts all human things,
And ſporting ſwains and fighting kings,
And tales of wanton love;
My ſoul diſdains that little ſnare,
The ringlets of Amira's hair:
Thine arms my God are ſweeter bands, nor can my
heart remove.

Grace ſhining, and nature fainting.

Sol. Song, i. 3. and ii. 5. and vi. 5.

I.

Tell me faireſt of thy kind,
Tell me ſhepherd all divine,
Where this fainting head reclin'd
May be reliev'd from cares like mine.
Shepherd, lead me to thy grove;
If burning noon infect the ſky
The ſick'ning ſheep to covert fly,
The ſheep not half ſo faint as I,
Thus overcome with love.

II.

Say, thou dear Sov'reign of my breaſt,
Where doſt thou lead thy flock to reſt?
Why ſhould I appear like one
Wild and wand'ring all alone
Unbeloved and unknown?

O my great Redeemer ſay,
Shall I turn my feet aſtray?
Will Jeſus bear to ſee me rove,
To ſee me ſeek another love?

III.

Ne'er had I known his deareſt name,
Ne'er had I felt this inward flame,
Had not his heart-ſtrings firſt began the tender ſound:
Nor can I bear the thought that he
Should leave the ſky,
Should bleed and die,
Should love a wretch ſo vile as me,
Without returns of paſſion for his dying wound.

IV.

His eyes are glory mix'd with grace;
In his delightful awful face
Sits majeſty and gentleneſs.
So tender is my bleeding heart
That with a frown he kills;
His abſence is perpetual ſmart;
Nor is my ſoul refin'd enough
To bear the beaming of his love
And feel his warmer ſmiles.
Where ſhall I reſt this drooping head?
I rove, I love the ſun, and yet I want the ſhade.

V.

My ſinking ſpirits feebly ſtrive
T' endure the ecſtaſy;

Beneath theſe rays I cannot live,
And yet without them die.
None knows the pleaſure and the pain
That all my inward pow'rs ſuſtain [again.
But ſuch as feel a Saviour's love and love the God

VI.

Oh! why ſhould Beauty heav'nly bright
Stoop to charm a mortal's ſight,
And torture with the ſweet exceſs of light?
Our hearts alas! how frail their make!
With their own weight of joy they break;
Oh! why is Love ſo ſtrong and Nature's ſelf ſo weak?

VII.

Turn, turn away thine eyes,
Aſcend the azure hills, and ſhine
Amongſt the happy tenants of the ſkies,
They can ſuſtain a viſion ſo divine:
O turn thy lovely glories from me,
The joys are too intenſe the glories overcome me.

VIII.

Dear Lord! forgive my raſh complaint,
And love me ſtill
Againſt my froward will;
Unvail thy beauties tho' I faint:
Send the great herald from the ſky,
And at the trumpet's awful roar
This feeble ſtate of things ſhall fly,
And pain and pleaſure mix no more;

Then ſhall I gaze with ſtrengthen'd ſight
On glories infinitely bright;
My heart ſhall all be love, my Jeſus all delight.

Love to Chriſt preſent or abſent.

Of all the joys we mortals know,
Jeſus! thy love exceeds the reſt;
Love, the beſt bleſſing here below
And neareſt image of the bleſt.
2. Sweet are my thoughts and ſoft my cares
When the celeſtial flame I feel;
In all my hopes and all my fears
There's ſomething kind and pleaſing ſtill.
3. While I am held in his embrace
There's not a thought attempts to rove;
Each ſmile he wears upon his face
Fixes and charms and fires my love.
4. He ſpeaks, and ſtraight immortal joys
Run thro' my ears and reach my heart;
My ſoul all melts at that dear voice,
And pleaſure ſhoots thro' ev'ry part.
5. If he withdraw a moment's ſpace
He leaves a ſacred pledge behind;
Here in this breaſt his image ſtays,
The grief and comfort of my mind.

6. While of his abſence I complain,
And long and weep as lovers do,
There's a ſtrange pleaſure in the pain,
And tears have their own ſweetneſs too.

7. When round his courts by day I rove,
Or aſk the watchmen of the night
For ſome kind tidings of my Love,
His very name creates delight.

8. Jeſus, my God! yet rather come;
Mine eyes would dwell upon thy face;
'Tis beſt to ſee my Lord at home,
And feel the preſence of his grace.

The abſence of Chriſt.

COME, lead me to ſome lofty ſhade
Where turtles moan their loves;
Tall ſhadows were for lovers made,
And grief becomes the groves.

2. 'Tis no mean beauty of the ground
That has enſlav'd mine eyes;
I faint beneath a nobler wound,
Nor love below the ſkies.

3. Jeſus, the ſpring of all that's bright,
The everlaſting Fair,
Heav'n's ornament and Heav'n's delight,
Is my eternal care.

4. But ah! how far above this grove
Does the bright Charmer dwell?
Abſence, thou keeneſt wound to love,
That ſharpeſt pain I feel.
5. Penſive I climb the ſacred hills
And near him vent my woes,
Yet his ſweet face he ſtill conceals,
Yet ſtill my paſſion grows.
6. I murmur to the hollow vale,
I tell the rocks my flame,
And bleſs the Echo in her cell
That beſt repeats his name.
7. My paſſion breathes perpetual ſighs
Till pitying winds ſhall hear,
And gently bear them up the ſkies
And gently wound his ear.

Deſiring his deſcent to earth.

JESUS I love: come, deareſt name,
Come and poſſeſs this heart of mine;
I love, tho' 'tis a fainter flame
And infinitely leſs than thine.
2. O if my Lord would leave the ſkies
Dreſs'd in the rays of mildeſt grace,
My ſoul ſhould haſten to my eyes
To meet the pleaſures of his face.

3. How would I feaſt on all his charms,
Then round his lovely feet entwine!
Worſhip and love in all their forms
Should honour Beauty ſo divine.

4. In vain the tempter's flatt'ring tongue,
The world in vain, ſhould bid me move,
In vain, for I ſhould gaze ſo long
Till I were all transform'd to love.

5. Then (mighty God!) I'd ſing, and ſay
" What empty names are crowns and kings!
" Amongſt 'em give theſe worlds away,
" Theſe little deſpicable things."

6. I would not aſk to climb the ſky,
Nor envy angels their abode;
I have a heav'n as bright and high
In the bleſs'd viſion of my God.

Aſcending to him in heaven.

'Tis pure delight without alloy,
Jeſus! to hear thy name,
My ſpirit leaps with inward joy,
I feel the ſacred flame.

2. My paſſions hold a pleaſing reign
While Love inſpires my breaſt,
Love, the divineſt of the train,
The ſov'reign of the reſt.

3. This is the grace muſt live and ſing
When faith and fear ſhall ceaſe,
Muſt ſound from ev'ry joyful ſtring
Thro' the ſweet groves of bliſs.

4. Let life immortal ſeize my clay,
Yet love refine my blood,
Her flames can bear my ſoul away,
Can bring me near my God.

5. Swift I aſcend the heav'nly place
And haſten to my home,
I leap to meet thy kind embrace;
I come, O Lord, I come.

6. Sink down ye ſeparating hills,
Let guilt and death remove,
'Tis Love that drives my chariot-wheels,
And Death muſt yield to love.

The preſence of God worth dying for, or, The death of Moſes.

LORD! 'tis an infinite delight
To ſee thy lovely face,
To dwell whole ages in thy ſight,
And feel thy vital rays.

2. This Gabriel knows, and ſings thy name
With rapture on his tongue;
Moſes the ſaint enjoys the ſame,
And Heav'n repeats the ſong.

3. While the bright nation ſounds thy praiſe
From each eternal hill
Sweet odours of exhaling grace
The happy region fill.

4. Thy love, a ſea without a ſhore,
Spreads life and joy abroad;
O 'tis a heav'n worth dying for
To ſee a ſmiling God!

5. Shew me thy face, and I'll away
From all inferiour things;
Speak Lord, and here I quit my clay
And ſtretch my airy wings.

6. Sweet was the journey to the ſky
The wondrous Prophet try'd;
"Climb up the mount," ſays God, "and die;"
The Prophet climb'd and dy'd.

7. Softly his fainting head he lay
Upon his Maker's breaſt,
His Maker kiſs'd his ſoul away,
And laid his fleſh to reſt.

8. In God's own arms he left the breath
That God's own Spirit gave;
His was the nobleſt road to death
And his the ſweeteſt grave.

Longing for Christ's return.

O 'Twas a mournful parting day!
" Farewell, my spouse!" he said;
(How tedious Lord is thy delay!
How long my Love hath staid!)

2. " Farewell!" at once he left the ground
And climb'd his Father's sky;
Lord! I would tempt thy chariot down,
Or leap to thee on high.

3. Round the creation wild I rove
And search the globe in vain;
There's nothing here that's worth my love
Till thou return again.

4. My passions fly to seek their King
And send their groans abroad,
They beat the air with heavy wing
And mourn an absent God.

5. With inward pain my heart-strings sound,
My soul dissolves away;
Dear Sov'reign! whirl the seasons round
And bring the promis'd day.

Hope in darkneſs, 1694.

I.

Yet, gracious God!
Yet will I ſeek thy ſmiling face;
What tho' a ſhort eclipſe his beauties ſhroud,
And bar the influence of his rays?
'Tis but a morning vapour or a ſummer cloud:
He is my Sun tho' he refuſe to ſhine;
Tho' for a moment he depart
I dwell for ever on his heart,
For ever he on mine.
Early before the light ariſe
I'll ſpring a thought away to God;
The paſſion of my heart and eyes
Shall ſhout a thouſand groans and ſighs,
A thouſand glances ſtrike the ſkies,
The floor of his abode.

II.

Dear Sov'reign! hear thy ſervant pray,
Bend the blue heav'ns, Eternal King!
Downward thy cheerful graces bring,
Or ſhall I breathe in vain and paſs my hours away?
Break, glorious Brightneſs! thro' the gloomy veil,
Look how the armies of deſpair
Aloft their ſooty banners rear
Round my poor captive ſoul, and dare
Pronounce me priſoner of hell:

But thou my Sun and thou my Shield
Wilt ſave me in the bloody field;
Break, glorious Brightneſs! ſhoot one glimm'ring ray,
One glance of thine creates a day,
And drives the troops of hell away.

III.

Happy the times, but ah! the times are gone,
When wondrous pow'r and radiant grace
Round the tall arches of the temple ſhone,
And mingled their victorious rays:
Sin with all its ghaſtly train
Fled to the deeps of Death again,
And ſmiling triumph ſat on ev'ry face:
Our ſpirits raptur'd with the ſight
Were all devotion, all delight,
And loud hoſannas ſounded the Redeemer's praiſe.
Here could I ſay,
(And point the place whereon I ſtood)
Here I enjoy'd a viſit half the day
From my deſcending God;
I was regal'd with heav'nly fare,
With fruit and manna from above;
Divinely ſweet the bleſſings were
While my Emmanuel was there,
And o'er my head
The Conq'ror ſpread
The banner of his love.

IV.

Then why my heart ſunk down ſo low?
Why do my eyes diſſolve and flow,
And hopeleſs nature mourn?
Review, my ſoul! thoſe pleaſing days,
Read his unalterable grace
Thro' the diſpleaſure of his face,
And wait a kind return.
A father's love may raiſe a frown
To chide the child or prove the ſon,
But love will ne'er deſtroy:
The hour of darkneſs is but ſhort;
Faith be thy life and patience thy ſupport;
The morning brings the joy.

Come, Lord Jeſus.

When ſhall thy lovely face be ſeen,
When ſhall our eyes behold our God?
What lengths of diſtance lie between,
And hills of guilt? a heavy load!

2. Our months are ages of delay,
And ſlowly ev'ry minute wears:
Fly winged Time, and roll away
Theſe tedious rounds of ſluggiſh years.

3. Ye heav'nly gates! looſe all your chains,
Let the eternal pillars bow;
Bleſt Saviour! cleave the ſtarry plains,
And make the cryſtal mountains flow.

4. Hark, how thy ſaints unite their cries,
And pray and wait the gen'ral doom!
Come thou the ſoul of all our joys,
Thou the deſire of nations come.

5. Put thy bright robes of triumph on,
And bleſs our eyes and bleſs our ears,
Thou abſent Love, thou dear Unknown,
Thou Faireſt of ten thouſand fairs.

6. Our heart-ſtrings groan with deep complaint,
Our fleſh lies panting, Lord, for thee,
And ev'ry limb and ev'ry joint
Stretches for immortality.

7. Our ſpirits ſhake their eager wings,
And burſt to meet thy flying throne;
We riſe away from mortal things
T'attend thy ſhining chariot down.

8. Now let our cheerful eyes ſurvey
The blazing earth and melting hills,
And ſmile to ſee the lightnings play
And flaſh along before thy wheels.

9. O for a ſhout of violent joys
To join the trumpet's thund'ring ſound!
The angel herald [illegible]s the ſkies,
Awakes [illegible] ground.

10 [illegible] heav'nly hoſt
Stands waiting at your gaping tombs;
Let ev'ry ſacred ſleeping duſt
Leap into life, for Jeſus comes.

11. Jeſus! the God of might and love,
New-moulds our limbs of cumbrous clay;
Quick as ſeraphick flames we move,
Active and young, and fair as they.

12. Our airy feet with unknown flight,
Swift as the motions of deſire,
Run up the hills of heav'nly light,
And leave the welt'ring world in fire.

Bewailing my own inconſtancy.

I Love the Lord; but ah! how far
My thoughts from the dear object are!
This wanton heart how wide it roves!
And fancy meets a thouſand loves.

2. If my ſoul burn to ſee my God
I tread the courts of his abode,
But troops of rivals throng the place,
And tempt me oft' before his face.

3. Would I enjoy my Lord alone
I bid my paſſions all be gone,
All but my love, and charge my will
To bar the door and guard it f

4. But cares or tri
Still new avenues to the
Till I with grief and wonder ſee
Huge crowds betwixt the Lord and me.

5. Oft' I am told the Mufe will prove
A friend to piety and love;
Straight I begin fome facred fong,
... my Saviour on my tongue.
... y I lofe his lovely face
To hold the empty founds in chafe;
At beft the chimes divide my heart,
And the Mufe fhares the larger part.

7. Falfe confidant! and falfer breaft!
Fickle and fond of ev'ry gueft;
Each airy image as it flies
Here finds admittance thro' my eyes.

8. This foolifh heart can leave her God,
And fhadows tempt her thoughts abroad;
How fhall I fix this wand'ring mind,
Or throw my fetters on the wind?

9. Look gently down Almighty Grace,
Prifon me round in thine embrace;
Pity the foul that would be thine,
And let thy pow'r my love confine.

10. Say, when fhall that bright moment be
That I fhall live alone for thee,
My heart no foreign lords adore,
And the wild ... e pr... e no more?

Forsaken yet hoping.

HAPPY the hours, the golden days,
When I could call my Jesus mine,
And sit and view his smiling face,
And melt in pleasures all di[vi]ne.

2. Near to my heart, within my arms,
He lay till sin defil'd my breast,
Till broken vows and earthly charms
Tir'd and provok'd my heav'nly guest.

3. And now he's gone, (O mighty wo!)
Gone from my soul, and hides his love!
Curse on you sins that griev'd him so,
Ye sins that forc'd him to remove.

4. Break, break my heart, complain my tongue,
Hither my friends your sorrows bring,
Angels assist my doleful song
If you have e'er a mourning string.

5. But ah! your joys are ever high,
Ever his lovely face you see,
While my poor spirits pant and die,
And groan for thee my God, for thee.

6. Yet let my hope [illegible]o' m[illegible]s
And spy afar his rolling throne,
His chariot thro' the cleaving spheres
Shall bring the bright Beloved down.

. Swift as a roe flies o'er the hills
A soul springs out to meet him high,
St. . the fair Conq'ror turns his wheels
And take the mansions of the sky.

6. Strange . . ing joy for ever reigns;
T. . . . e the turtle leaves the dove;
. rewell to jealousies and pains,
A. all the ills of absent love.

F. . .
I

The conclusion. God exalted above all praise.

. ERNAL Pow. .! whose high abode
. comes the grandeur of a God;
. inite length beyond the bounds
. here stars revolve their little rounds.

. 2. The lowest step beneath thy seat
. es too high for Gabriel's feet.
. . in the tall archangel tries
. reach thine height with wond'ring eyes.

An. thy dazzling beauties whilst he sings
. ides his face behind his wings,
Th. ranks of shining thrones around
. worshipping and spread the ground.

. . Lord! wh. . all ea. . . d ashes do?
. would adore our Maker too;
. om sin and dust to thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High!"

5. Earth from afar has heard thy fame,
And worms have learn'd to lisp thy name,
But O! the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.

6. God is in heav'n and men below,
Be short our tunes, our words be few;
A sacred rev'rence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

Tibi silet laus, O Deus. Psal. lxv. 1.

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